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CITY AND VILLAGE.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The standard of living in modern civilization has been raised far higher than the average level of our necessity. The strain, which such rise of standard makes us exert, increases in the beginning our physical and mental alertness. The claim upon our energy, again, accelerates its growth; and this, in its turn, produces activity that expresses itself by the raising of life's standard still higher.

When this standard attains a degree a great deal above the normal,it encourages the passion of greed. The temptation of inordinately high living, normally confined to a negligibly small section of the community, becomes widespread. This ever-growing burden is sure to prove fatal to any civilization, that puts no restraint on the emulation of self-indulgence.

In the geography of our economic world, the ups and downs produced by the inequality of fortune are healthy only within a moderate range. In a country divided by the constant interruption of steep mountains no great civilisation is possible, because therein the natural flow of communication becomes difficult. Large fortunes and luxurious living, like the mountains, form high walls of segregation; they produce worse divisions in society than any physical barriers.

There are some who believe that in the eradication of the idea of property the solution is to be found, for then, and then only, will the communal spirit find its full freedom. But we must know that the urging which has given rise to property, is

something fundamental in human nature. If you have the power, you may tyrannically do violence to all that constitutes property; but you cannot change the constitution of mind itself.

Property is a medium for the expression of our personality. If we look at the negative aspect of this personality, we see in it the limits which separate one person from another. And when, in some men, this sense of separateness takes on an intense emphasis, we call them selfish. But its positive aspect reveals the truth, that it is the only medium through which men can communicate with one another. Therefore, all through the course of human history, men have tried to cultivate the sentiments that give our personality its greatest significance, thereby enabling it to bring us close together in bonds of sympathy.

If we kill our individuality because it is apt to be selfish, then human communion itself loses its meaning. But if we allow it to remain and develop, then being creative by nature, it must fashion its own world. Most often and for most men, property is the only frame that can give a foundation for such creation of a personal world. It is not merely money, not merely furniture; it does not represent merely acquisitiveness, but is an objective manifestation of our taste, our imagination, our constructive faculties, our desire for self-sacrifice.

Through this creative limitation which is our personality, we receive, we give, we express. Our highest social training is to make our property the richest expression of the best in us, of that which is universal, of our individuality whose greatest illumination is love. As individuals are the units that build the community, so property is the unit of wealth that makes for communal prosperity, when it is alive to its function. Our wisdom lies not in destroying separateness of units, but in maintaining the spirit of unity in its full strength.

When life is simple, wealth does not become too exclusive, and individual property finds no great difficulty in acknowledging its communal responsibility, rather, it becomes its vehicle. In former days, in India, public opinion levied heavy taxes upon wealth and most of the public works of the country were voluntarily supported by the rich. The water-supply, medical help, education and amusement were naturally maintained by

men of property through a spontaneous adjustment of mutual obligation. This was made possible, because the limits set to the individual right of self-indulgence were narrow, and surplus wealth easily followed the channel of social responsibility. In such a society, property was the pillar that supported its civilization, and wealth gave opportunity to the fortunate for self-sacrifice.

But with the rise of the standard of living, property changes its aspect. It shuts the gate of hospitality, which is the best means of social intercommunication. It displays its wealth in an extravagance which is self-centred. It begets envy and irreconcileable class division. In short, property becomes anti-social. Because, with what is called material progress, property has become intensely individualistic, the method of gaining it has become a matter of science and not of social ethics. It breaks social bonds; it drains the life sap of the community. Its unscrupulousness plays havoc all over the world, generating forces that can coax or coerce peoples to deeds of injustice and wholesale horror.

The forest-fire feeds upon the living world, from which it springs, till it is completely exhausted along with the fuel. When a passion, like greed, breaks loose from the barrier of social control, it acts in like manner, feeding upon the life of society; and the end is annihilation. It had ever been the object of the spiritual training of man to fight those passions that are anti-social and keep them chained. But lately some abnormal temptation has set them free and they are fiercely devouring all that is affording them shelter.

There are always insects in our harvest field which, in spite of their robbery, leave a sufficient surplus for the tillers of the soil, and it does not pay to try to exterminate them. But when some pest, that has enormous powers of self-multiplication, attacks our food crop, it has to be dealt with as a calamity. In human society, in normal circumstances, there are a number of causes that make for wastage, yet it does not cost us too much to ignore them. But to-day the blight, that has fallen on our social life and its resources, is disastrous, because it is not restricted to

limited regions. It is an epidemic of voracity that has infected the total area of civilization.

We all now-a-days claim our right of freedom to be extravagant in our enjoyment, to the extent that we can afford it. Not to be able to waste as much upon individual gratification, as my rich neighbour does, merely proves a poverty of which I am ashamed, and against which my womenfolk and my parasites are permitted to cherish their grievance. Ours has become a society in which, through its tyrannical standard of respectability, all the members are goading one another to spoil themselves to the uttermost limit.

There is a continual screwing up of the ideal of convenience and comfort, the results of which, however, inevitably fall short of the energy spent, by reason of the wastage involved. The very shriek of advertisement itself, which must constantly accompany the progress of production, means the squandering of an immense quantity of material and life force, and merely helps to swell the sweepings of time.

Civilisation to-day has turned into a vast catering establishment. It maintains constant feasts for a whole population of gluttons. The intemperance, which could safely have been tolerated in a few, has spread its contagion to the multitude. The universal greed, produced as a consequence, is the cause of the meanness, cruelty and lies, in politics and commerce, that vitiate the whole human atmosphere. A civilisation with such an unnatural appetite must depend for its existence upon numberless victims, and these are being sought in those parts of the world where human flesh is cheap. In Asia and Africa a bartering goes on, whereby the future hope and happiness of entire peoples are sold for the sake of providing fastidious fashion with an endless train of respectable rubbish.

The consequence of such material and moral drain is more evident when one studies the conditions manifested in the fatness of the cities and the physical and mental anæmia of the villages, almost everywhere in the world. For cities have become inevitably important. They represent energy and materials concentrated for the satisfaction of that exaggerated appetite, which is the characteristic symptom of modern civilization. Such abnormal

devouring process cannot be carried on, unless certain parts of the social body conspire and organize to feed upon the whole. This is suicidal; but, before its progressive degeneracy ends in death, the disproportionate enlargement of the particular section looks formidably great, and conceals the starved pallor of the entire body,—the sacrifice of the great maintaining the small in its enormity, and creating for the time being an illusion of wealth.

The living relationship, in a physical or social body, is the sympathetic mutuality of help among its members and organs, whereby a perfect balance of communication between them is maintained, so that the consciousness of unity is not obstructed. The resulting health and wealth are of secondary importance,—the unity is ultimate in itself. The perfect rhythm of reciprocity which generates and maintains this unity is disturbed whenever some ambition of power establishes its dominance in life's republic.

What in the West is called democracy can never be true in a society where greed grows, uncontrolled, encouraged, even admired by the populace. In such an atmosphere, a constant struggle goes on among individuals to capture public organizations for the satisfaction of their own personal ambition, and democracy becomes like an elephant whose one purpose in life is to give joy rides to the clever and the rich.

In this kind of Body politic, the organs of information and expression, through which opinions are manufactured, together with the machinery of administration, are all openly or secretly manipulated by those prosperous few, who have been compared of old to the camel, which can never pass through a needle's eye, —the gate that leads to the kingdom of ideals. Such a society necessarily becomes inhospitable and suspicious, and callously cruel against those who preach their faith in spiritual freedom. In such a society, people are intoxicated through the constant stimulation of what they call progress, a progress which they are willing to buy at the cost of civilization itself, like the man for whom wine has more attraction than food.

Villages are like women. In their keeping is the cradle of the race. They are nearer to nature than towns; and are therefore in closer touch with the fountain of life. They have the

atmosphere which possesses a natural power of healing. It is the function of the village, like that of woman, to provide people with their elemental needs, with food and joy, with the simple poetry of life, and with those ceremonies of beauty which the village spontaneously produces and in which she finds delight. But when constant strain is put upon her through the extortionate claim of ambition; when her resources are exploited through the excessive stimulus of temptation, then she becomes poor in life, her mind becomes dull and uncreative; and from her time-honoured position of the wedded partner of the city, she is degraded to that of maid-servant. While, in its turn, the city, in its intense egotism and pride, remains unconscious of the devastation it constantly works upon the very source of its life and health and joy.

Those who are familiar with the Hindu Pantheon know that in our mythology there is a demi-god named Kuvera, similar in character to Mammon. He represents the multiplication of money whose motive force is greed. His figure is ugly and gross with its protuberant belly, comic in its vulgarity of self-exaggeration. He is the genius of property that knows no moral responsibility. But the goddess, Lakshmi, who is the Deity of Prosperity, is beautiful. For prosperity is for all. It dwells in that property which, though belonging to the individual, generously owns its obligation to the community. Lakshmi is seated on a lotus, the lotus which is the symbol of the universal heart. It signifies that she presides over that wealth which means happiness for all men, which is hospitable.

By some ill-luck, Lakshmi has been deprived of her lotus throne in the present age, and Kuvera is worshipped in her place. Modern cities represent his protuberant stomach, and ugliness reigns unashamed. About one thing we have to be reminded, that there is no cause for rejoicing in the fact that this ugliness has an enormous power of growth and that it is prolific of its progeny. Its growth is not true progress; it is a disease which keeps the body swelling while it is being killed.

The sunshine that is diffuse maintains life in a whole forest of trees; and the sunshine of wealth is symbolised in Lakshmi. The sunshine, when it is focussed through a buring glass on a narrow spot, can reduce the same forest of trees to ashes; this

hungry fire of concentrated wealth is symbolised in Kuvera, and he is the presiding deity of our modern cities.

Modern cities are continually growing bigger only because no central spirit of Unity exercises vital control over their growth of dimension. There can be no end to their addition of hugeness, because their object is not to modulate human relationships into some beauty of truth, but to gain convenience.

When in the Sanskrit poem, *Meghaduta,* we follow the path of the cloud messenger and in imagination pass over the old-world towns mentioned in it, with their beautiful names, we feel that the poet in reciting them was giving voice to his hungering delight of some remembrance; we instinctively know that these towns expressed more than anything else the love and hope of man, treasuring some of the splendour of his soul in their houses and temples with their auspicious decoration daily accomplished by women, and even in the picturesque bartering that went on in their market places.

We can imagine what Delhi and Agra must have been in the time to which they belonged. They manifested in their development some creatively human aspect of a great empire. Whatever might have been its character, these cities even in their decay still retain in their magnificence the true product of the self-respect of man. But modern cities merely give opportunities, not ideals.

Cities there must be in man's civilisation, just as in higher organisms there must be organised centres of life, such as the brain, heart, or stomach. These never overwhelm the living wholeness of the body; on the contrary, by a perfect federation of their functions, they maintain its richness. But a tumour round which the blood is congested, is the enemy of the whole body upon which it feeds as it swells. Our modern cities, in the same way feed upon the whole social organism that runs through the villages; they continually drain away the life stuff of the community, and slough off a huge amount of dead matter, while assuming a lurid counterfeit of prosperity.

Thus, unlike a living heart, these cities imprison and kill the blood and create poison centres filled with the accumulation of death. When a very large body of men comes together for the

sake of some material purpose, then it is as a congestion and not a congregation. When men are close together and yet develop no intimate bond of human relationship, there ensues moral putrefaction. Wherever in the world, this modern civilization is spreading its dominion, the life principle of society, which is the principle of personal relationship, is injured at the root.

All this is the result of an almost complete substitution of true civilization by what the West calls Progress. I am never against progress, but when, for its sake, civilization is ready to sell its soul, then I choose to remain primitive in my material possessions, hoping to achieve my civilization in the realm of the spirit.

People, as a whole, do and must live in the village, for it is their natural habitation. But the professions depend upon their special appliances and environment, and therefore barricade themselves with particular purposes, shutting out the greater part of universal nature, which is the cradle of life. The city, in all civilizations, represents this professionalism,—some concentrated purpose of the people. That is to say, people have their home in the village and their offices in the city.

We all know that the office is for serving and enriching the home, and not for banishing it into insignificance. But we also know that when, goaded by greed, the gambling spirit gets hold of a man, he is willing to rob his home of all its life and joy and to pour them into the hungry jaws of the office. For a time such a man may prosper, but his prosperity is gained at the cost of happiness. His wife may shine in a blaze of jewelry, rousing envy along the path of her economic triumph, but her spirit withers in secret, thirsting for love and the simple delights of life.

Society encourages the professions only because they are of service to the peeople at large. They find their truth when they belong to the people. But the professions, because they get all power into their hands, begin to believe that people live to maintain them. Thus we often see that a lawyer thrives by taking advantage of the weaknesses of his clients, their helpless dread of loss, their dishonest love of gain. The proportion between the help rendered and its reward demanded, loses its

legitimate limit, when it is not guided by any standard of social ethics.

Such a moral perversion has come to its extreme length to-day in the relationship of the city and the village. The city, which is the professional aspect of society, has gradually come to believe that the village is its legitimate field for exploitation, that the village must at the cost of its own life maintain the city in all its brilliance of luxuries and excesses; that its wealth must be magnified even though that should involve the bankruptcy of happiness.

True happiness is not at all expensive, because it depends upon that natural spring of beauty and life which is harmony of relationship. Ambition pursues its path of self-seeking by breaking this bond of harmony, cutting gaps, creating dissensions. It feels no hesitation in trampling under foot the harvest field, which is for all, in order to snatch away in haste the object of its craving. To-day this ambition, wasteful and therefore disruptive of social life, the greatest enemy of civilization, has usurped the helm of society.

In India we had our family system, large and complex, each family a miniature society in itself. I do not wish to discuss the question of its desirability. But its rapid decay in the present day clearly points out the nature and process of the principle of destruction which is at work in modern civilization. When life was simple and its needs normal, when selfish passions were under control, such a domestic system was perfectly natural and fully productive of happiness. The family resources were sufficient for all and the claims on them were never excessive on the part of one or more of its individual members. But such a group can never survive, if the personal ambition of a single member begins separately to clamour for a great deal more than is necessary for him. When emulation in augmenting private possession, and the enjoyment of exclusive advantage runs ahead of the common good and general happiness, the bond of harmony, which is the bond of sustenance, must give way and brothers must separate, nay, even become enemies.

The passion that rages in the heart of modern civilization is, like a volcanic flame, constantly struggling to throw up eruptions

of individual bloatedness. The stream of production, which thereupon gushes forth, may give one the impression of a huge, if indefinite, gain. But such interruption needs must disturb man's creative mind. We forget that it is only the spirit of creation evolving out of its own inner abundance, that adds to our true wealth; and that the spirit of production but consumes our resources in the process of building and filling its storehouses. Therefore our needs which stimulate production must observe the limits of the normal. If we go on poking them into a bigger and bigger flame, the conflagration will no doubt dazzle our sight, but its splendour will leave on its debit side a black heap of charred remains.

When our wants are moderate, the rations we claim do not exhaust the common store of nature and the pace of their restoration does not hopelessly fall behind that of our consumption of them. This moderation, moreover, leaves us leisure to cultivate happiness, the happiness which is the artist soul of the human world, creating beauty of form and rhythm of life. But man to-day forgets that the divinity in him is revealed by the halo of his happiness.

The Germany of the period of Goethe was considered to be poor by the Germany of the period of Bismarck. Possibly the standard of civilization, illumined by the mind of Plato, or by the life of the Emperor Asoka, is under-rated by the proud children of modern times who compare it with the present age of progress, an age dominated by millionaries, diplomats and war-lords. Many things that are of common use to-day were absolutely lacking in those days. But are those who lived then to be pitied by the young boys of our time, who have more of the printing press, but less of the mind?

I often imagine that the moon, being smaller in size than the earth, begat life on her soil earlier than was possible on that of her companion. Once, she too had her constant festival of colour, music, movement; her storehouse was perpetually replenished with food for her children who were already there and who were to come. Then in course of time, some race was born to her, gifted with a furious energy of intelligence, which began greedily to devour its surroundings. It produced beings, who, because of

the excess of their animal spirit coupled with intellect lacked the imagination to realize that the mere process of addition did not create fulfilment; that acquisition because of its bigness did not produce happiness; that movement did not constitute progress merely because of its velocity; that progress could have meaning only in relation to some ideal of completeness. Through machinery of tremendous power, they made such an addition to their natural capacity for gathering and holding, that their career of plunder outstripped nature's power of recuperation. Their profit-makers created wants which were unnatural and dug big holes in the stored capital of nature, forcibly to extract provision for them. When they had reduced the limited store of material, they waged furious wars among their different sections for the special allotment of the lion's share. In their scramble for the right of self-indulgence they laughed at moral law and took it to be a sign of racial superiority to be ruthless in the satisfaction of their desires. They exhausted the water, cut down the trees, reduced the surface of the planet into a desert riddled with pits. They made its interior a rifled pocket, emptied of its valuables. At last one day, like a fruit whose pulp has been completely eaten by insects which it sheltered, the moon became a lifeless shell, a universal grave for the voracious creatures who had consumed the world to which they were born.

My imaginary selenites behaved exactly in the way that human beings are behaving on this earth, fast exhausting the stores of sustenance not because they must live their normal life, but because they strain their capacity to live to a pitch of monstrous excess. Mother Earth has enough for the healthy appetite of her children and something extra for rare cases of abnormality. But she has not nearly enough for the sudden growth of a whole world of spoilt and pampered children.

Man has been digging holes into the very foundations, not only of his livelihood, but also of his life; he is feeding upon his own body. The reckless wastage of humanity which ambition produces, is best seen in the villages, where the light of life is being dimmed, the joy of existence dulled, the natural threads of social communion snapped every day. It should be our mission to restore the full circulation of life's blood into these maltreated

limbs of society; to bring to the villages health and knowledge; wealth of space in which to live; wealth of time in which to work and to rest and to enjoy; respect which will give them dignity; sympathy which will make them realize their kinship with the world of men, and not merely their survient position.

Streams, lakes and oceans are there on this earth. They exist not for the hoarding of water exclusively within their own areas. They send up the vapour which forms into clouds and helps towards a wider distribution of water. Cities have their functions of maintaining wealth and knowledge in concentrated forms of opulence, but this also, should not be for their own sake; they should be centres of irrigation; they should gather in order to distribute; they should not magnify themselves, but should enrich the entire commonwealth. They should be like lamp-posts, and the light they support must transcend their own limits.

Such a relationship of mutual benefit between the city and the village can remain strong only so long as the spirit of co-operation and self-sacrifice is a living ideal in society. When some universal temptation overcomes this ideal, when some selfish passion gains ascendency, then a gulf is formed and goes on widening between them; then the mutual relationship of city and village becomes that of exploiter and victim. This is a form of perversity whereby the body-politic becomes its own enemy and whose termination is death.

We have started in India, in connection with our Visva-bharati, work of village reconstruction, the mission of which is to retard this process of race suicide. If I try to give you the details of our work, they will look small. But we are not afraid of this appearance of smallness, for we have confidence in life. We know that if as a seed it represents the truth that is in us, it will overcome opposition on and conquer space and time. According to us, the poverty problem is not the most important, the problem of unhappiness is the great problem. Wealth, which is the synonym for the production and collection of things, men can make use of ruthlessly. They can crush life out of the earth and flourish. But, happiness, which may not compete with wealth in its list of materials, is final, it is creative; therefore it has its source of riches within itself.

Our object is to try to flood the choked bed of village life with the stream of happiness. For this the scholars, the poets, the musicians, the artists, have to collaborate, to offer their contributions. Otherwise they must live like parasites, sucking life from the people and giving nothing back to them. Such exploitation gradually exhausts the soil of life, which needs constant replenishing, by the return to it of life, through the completion of the cycle of receiving and giving back.

Most of us, who try to deal with the poverty problem, think of nothing but a greater intensive effort of production, forgetting that this only means a greater exhaustion of materials as well as of humanity. This only means giving exaggerated opportunity for profit to a few, at the cost of the many. It is food which nourishes, not money; it is fulness of life which makes one happy, not fulness of purse. Multiplying materials intensifies the inequality between those who have and those who have not, and this deals a fatal wound to the social system, through which the whole body is eventually bled to death.

THE VOICE.

By Tsemou-Hsu.

The Voice has been sounded;
The thousand peaks stand
in awe-stricken silence,
Awaiting the Grand Echo,
from their very heart,
Which will shake with loud music
All the spaces around them.

W. W. PEARSON.

A Memoir.

By C. F. ANDREWS.

The difficulty of writing anything adequate about William Winstanley Pearson has so grown upon me, as I have tried to shape my thoughts, that again and again I have torn up what I have written in despair. When I first knew him, he had reached the prime of manhood, with all his own peculiar characteristics and his purpose in life already marked out. India had won his heart; whatever gifts he had were to be devoted to her service. His passionate devotion to India had always about it something of a lover; and when the news came that, in his last illness, while he was lying unconscious, he had murmured in his pain: "My one and only love,—India," it was not difficult to understand the cry; for it was a life-long passion with him, and a devotion that was stronger than death.

He had spoken to me more than once about marriage. Those who knew him and loved him best had impressed upon him the rare possibilities of a married life for a nature so gifted with affection as his. But though he thought long over the idea and came back to it in his own mind again and again, he seemed to shrink and hesitate. India was to him 'a thing enskied' and he worshipped at her feet. I do not know if his domestic life could have ever contained such another romance: and this first love for India of the passionate lover grew stronger, not weaker, as the end drew near.

A story, which has just reached me from Japan, has moved me more deeply than anything else I have heard about him since the time when the news came about his death; for it brought his highly sensitive and deeply reserved nature vividly before me. One day, in a time of convalescence in Japan, after long bouts of sickness, the mail from India came into his hands, while he was speaking with an English friend. An inexpressible look lighted up the whole of his face, and he said to his friend, with a voice that trembled to the verge of tears, 'Could you leave me now? I want to read these letters alone.' This was during one of those

times of physical weakness and absence from India when his own heart's longings could not be fulfilled.

Many years before that, a similar experience of the depth of this passionate love was revealed in a flash to me, and it gave me the first clear insight into his character. He had come home from Calcutta, his health apparently shattered. But his bodily sufferings were as nothing compared with his spiritual pain of unrest. For the doctors had warned him, saying it was unlikely that he would ever be well enough to return to India. Shortly after that time (in the summer of 1912) I was in England, and we had both of us met the poet, Rabindranath Tagore. For William Pearson, the poet was the embodiment of all that he loved in India itself. The longing to return, which had been never absent, had increased a thousand fold after this first meeting with the poet, and the home-sickness for India was evident in his eyes whenever he spoke of Bengal.

Now it happened, that I knew of a tutorship vacant for the cold weather months in Delhi and felt certain that the doctors would not forbid him going out for this cold season. Therefore, instead of asking him to consider the pros and cons of it, a sudden resolution came to me; and greatly venturing, I booked his passage and came to him, holding the steamer ticket in my hand. My very first words to him were : "Here is your passage booked and you sail on October 15th!" When he realised what I had done, his eyes danced with excitement. In a moment he seemed to throw off, like a heavy weight, all the bodily pains, which had bent him down miserably before. His happiness, during the next two months and on board the ship and after he had landed, was infectious. He could not keep it to himself : it overflowed. From the moment that his face was set towards India, he rapidly recovered.

His home in England, in a different sense, was always equally dear. But it was a different love,—a steady deep ever constant affection which had grown up with him from infancy. This love for his home was of the texture of his life itself. But the love for India was always a thing apart,—unearthly, romantic,—finding its truth in the realm of imagination and receiving its corroboration in the hearts of his Indian friends. These

all loved him with a single-hearted sincerety as they understood the unique devotion of this love for India that encompassed and encircled his heart.

Among these Indian friends of his own age there was this striking feature, that each of them appeared to occupy the whole of his heart and mind, and to be loved individually with a singular love, as if he were the only friend; yet their number was by no means small, and each one had a character of his own It was a rare gift indeed. After the news came about his death, those who had known him so intimately wrote to me saying, that the greatest influence for good which they had ever known had been taken away. "My one and only friend is no more," wrote one to me.

In the later years of his life when I knew him best, it was always with Indians that these new friendships arose which stirred his own nature to its very depths. In Japan, it had been his one regret, that he had found this intimacy of friendship infinitely hard to reach. Perhaps he scarcely realised how much his longing for love was being returned: for the response in Japan is different from that in India,—it is always more reserved. He never spoke to me of any Japanese friend in the same way that he spoke of those who loved him in Bengal.

I think, but I am not quite certain, that there was one other distinctive feature in these Indian friendships. Though not exclusively such, yet they were far more easy for him to form with those who were Bengalis than with those of any other race. The Bengali temperament, which is so high in artistic qualities and in intellectual and imaginative force, had a commanding attraction for him. He had learnt the Bengali language and it was a pure delight for him to talk with those whose mother tongue it was. But the delight went far beyond this common tie of speech. Their music, their arts, their literature, their intellectual gifts all fascinated him and called forth his highest admiration. The charm of their domestic life, with its many endearing relationships, also gave him deep and permanent satisfaction. He was never tired of talking over with me the singular beauty of these relationships, which comprise every member of the household including the domestic servants. He said to me once: "What

a wonderful civilisation must be behind all this! And what a Fine Art domestic affection truly becomes in such households!''

I must break off, at this point, to speak of his own taste for art and music and science. It is easy for me to recall the amused glee, with which he came back, after his voice had been tried by the kindly music teacher of the Asram, with whom he was a special favourite, and how he told the poet with much triumph in his voice that he had been given a 'first class' singing certificate. His laughter was due to the fact, that, though he had excellent taste both in music and in art, he had only the skill of an amateur; he had never undergone the rigour of serious training. I think it just possible, that he could have become a really good musician, if he had studied and practised from childhood: but his life was too many-sided.

He took up science, not really because his heart was in it,—though here again he did valuable work, and his study of the Evolutionary Theory, which gained him his B.Sc. Degree was highly praised. But Science was not with him a life-long enthusiasm filling all his thoughts. Indeed, he was so extraordinarily varied in his gifts, that it would have been hardly possible for him to carry any one of them out to its completion without neglecting others. Therefore, each of them used to win his almost undivided attention, in its turn, as the mood seized him.

I can remember, at Delhi, the way in which he used literally to *slave* away at his Bengali, as though nothing in the world were of any importance except to translate correctly Rabindranath Tagore's writings into English. Then, on a visit to France, he would suddenly discover that all depended on his learning French quickly. In a last letter from Switzerland, he told me with a boyish pleasure how he had talked for over three hours in French with M. Romain Rolland in Villeneuve. In Japan, his whole attention would be absorbed in Japanese masterpieces of drawing and painting; and to discover an original by a great master in some second hand curio shop would give him endless delight. He would speak of it for days afterwards and display his purchase to every one in the party explaining and receiving their congratulation.

I have thought long over the question as to what was his greatest gift, amid all this bewildering variety of talents. It did not lie in anything he had learnt from books, or studied in academic circles, or practised as a profession. It was his genius for making and preserving friendships,—the infinite attraction of his whole personality for all who delighted to know him,—that made Willie Pearson unique. The mention of his name brought a gleam of light to the eyes in every circle wherein he moved. In India, where racial feelings have grown strong of late, no one ever thought of him as a foreigner or an intruder. He was made a welcome member of every family where he stayed; and it was always his greatest wish and happiness to dwell in Indian homes. In every possible way, he would conform to their manners and dress and customs; and he would always do his utmost, with infinite care, to put those who were entertaining him entirely at their ease.

I am aware that I have been speaking all the while about his relationships with grown up people and with family circles, and about the still wider horizon of his love for India itself. But even while I have been doing this, I have also been trying to pass on further to the one love which brought out all his gifts most perfectly,— his love of children. Here was his supreme happiness, if to be happy is to forget self entirely in others. A group of children, with him in their midst, became at once filled with extraordinary animation and excitement.

His classes were like the buzzing of bees round a hive. Each boy was eagerly wishing to get in his answer first. In our open air life at Santiniketan, this noise in class was possible. For he took his boys under a tree where there was ample space all round and no other class was near that might be disturbed. But in a school room, the clamour caused by the intense excitement would have been deafening. More full of joy to the boys, even than his classes, were the rambles which he took with them for 'nature study.' One further form of teaching must be mentioned,—the acting of plays. He had a dramatic gift and a beautiful voice for recitation. In the last term of his teaching at the Asram, he had taught the boys to act in a play; and the pleasure that he gave to those young actors will not soon be forgotten.

It will be noticed, that I have said nothing hitherto of the years, when he was working as a missionary in the London Missionary Society, at Bhowanipur, Calcutta. In those days I had not yet made his acquaintance, though I had often heard about him. The fact is, he spoke to me very little indeed about that period of his life; and there can be no question that he had not then discovered his proper sphere. His own peculiar gifts could not find scope amid the routine work of an old established mission, whose conventional lines had been laid down long ago. He did not feel there that spirit of freedom, which was the very breath of his life. It was clear, I think, to every one—as it became clear to himself—that his own work in India and for India could only be done, when he was entirely the master of his own time and his own method. It was here that the school of the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, so exactly fulfilled this full ideal of freedom. It was a *poet's* school, not a conventional educational institution. The poet's genius was written all over it, and freedom was its watchword.

Many have anxiously asked me to what extent this freedom, which he sought and found under Rabindranath Tagore, had meant any weakening of his hold on the essentials of his Christian Faith. As one who knew him very intimately indeed, during the later years of his life, I can say with confidence, that each step forward into this freedom, which the poet's school gave him, was a help rather than a hindrance to his realisation of the Christian life; and that each step was taken consciously by him with this object in view. It enabled him (if I may so express it) to live more fully and simply the Christian life than any other career could do. By all his many Indian friends, it was entirely understood in that sense; and it always definitely implied to them that conscious Christian purpose. They looked upon him as an almost ideal Christian, and saw in his daily life just what they could imagine Christ Himself to be.

I must pause here to explain a point that he talked over with me very many times. He had found it, he said, the most difficult thing in the world to be a true Christian in India. It was not enough to live the conventional Anglo-Indian life; for this was bound up with much that could not, in his opinion, truly represent

Christ to others. He felt that the missionary societies had become almost inevitably involved in this conventional standard of Christian living and thinking. Therefore, as one whose single-hearted daily endeavour was to try to become more and more in India a true Christian, he found it necessary at last, after a very painful struggle, to set himself free from every external bond, so that he might seek to realise the Christian ideal in his own way. He never judged those who took a different path; but he felt that he had to follow out his own life purpose.

It has to be realised, that he was not an ordinary person. He had genius of a very high order. If this genius of his had been simply that of a writer, he might perhaps have endured a certain amount of external bondage, so long as his own thoughts and ideas might travel freely. But his peculiar genius consisted in friendship; that is to say, it was bound up with every smallest aspect of the daily life itself. To realise to the full this special kind of genius, freedom was absolutely necessary. When he obtained that freedom, in Rabindranath Tagore's school, he was radiantly happy. Before that time, both in London and at Bhowanipur, he felt that he had not got the scope he required and he was unhappy.

One thing more I wish to make plain. It was through the expression of his own genius for friendship in action that he found Christ, and learnt more and more the inner meaning of Christ. Perhaps the most fundamental of all his convictions, the bed-rock of faith on which his own character was built, was his belief, that, by humbly waiting upon God in prayer and silence and meditation, the answer would be given by the Divine Spirit's inspiration and direction. This faith in him was very strong indeed. He would wait, as I know well, for the Divine Spirit's guidance of his life, even in little things of daily moment; and in the larger issues, which involved the whole future, he would not venture to take action, till, after days of patient waiting, he felt in his innermost heart a 'concern' (so he used to describe it to me, in the language of the Quakers); and he would explain to me, that he had learnt this habit of seeking direct guidance from his mother's knee. For she had been brought up in the Society of Friends, and had

inherited this faith as a great tradition, which she had practised in her own life and taught to her own children.

His own Christian belief was simple and child-like and direct. He was not, as far as I am aware, greatly troubled by intellectual doubts or metaphysical questions. His troubles were rather those which were concerned with conduct,—how to follow Christ truly. There was a New Testament Class, which he used to take right up to the end of those who, of their own accord, wished to learn the New Testament from him. In taking this class I noticed that he was wont to be somewhat uncritical in his exposition. He took the narrative just as he found it, and went straight to its inner meaning, not concerning himself about the criticism of the text.

This temperament made him accept many of the stories of Hinduism in the same manner. He delighted in their inner beauty, and always tried to penetrate below the surface to their spiritual meaning. Of all the people, whom I have intimately known and loved, I think that he would come nearest of all the fulfilling in his daily life and thoughts the words of St. Paul, at the end of his great letter to those Philippian Christians, who were so near to St. Paul's own heart :—

> Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true,
> Whatsoever things are honest,
> Whatsoever things are just,
> Whatsoever things are pure,
> Whatsoever things are lovely,
> Whatsoever things are of good report,
> If there be any virtue,
> If there be any praise,
> Think of these things,
> And the God of Peace shall be with you.

For with that generous and warm-hearted chivalry towards other creeds, which was a part of his very nature, and more than anything else perhaps the secret of his genius for friendship, he would always think the best of them and seek to penetrate below the surface to the good that lay beneath. In this way, I truly believe, he was performing a Christ-like work, and setting up a

standard, which will be a rallying point for many true Christ-lovers in the future, who have been pained and grieved by much that has been controversially said and done in Christ's name in the East.

His admiration for Buddhism, as he read its past history and saw its wonderful achievements in India and in other lands, became very deep indeed. All that he loved, as being truly Christ-like, appeared to him to be found in varying degree in this pre-Christian movement, which had so deeply stirred man's spirit. In Japan, where Buddhism is still a living creed, he paid great reverence to the gentle Buddhist priests, with whom he came in contact. They formed, perhaps, his nearest means of approach to an understanding of the inner heart of Japan.

It was the same, in India, with Hinduism and Islam. He would always see the best of these religions and think the best of them, in accordance with the golden rule of Christ, who said : "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them : for this is the Law and the Prophets."

In his many journeys abroad with me to foreign lands, this attitude of appreciation was very marked ; and it was a great lesson to me in Christian charity. I have very often thought, when I watched his perfect courtesy to foreigners, who did not understand him and whose manner were sometimes repugnant to him, how greatly his Christian charity overcame any natural dislike. The words of the Apostle : "Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth," were abundantly true with him. His charity never failed. His greatest difficulty was to endure the sight of some injustice or rudeness done by one of his own countrymen to those of another race. Then, sometimes, his indignation blazed forth.

This brings me to a point, where I would on no account wish to be misunderstood : for the mistake, if made, would be fundamental. His was not at all one of those kindly, indulgent, easy-going characters, that loves to be a friend of all the world by simple kindliness and good nature. Willie Pearson had something of a volcano in him, which he found difficult beyond words to control. At times, it would break out and get beyond him. He spent his whole life in seeking to control it; and the long hours

which he used to give daily to silence and quiet and meditation had often this end in view. In the presence of God, he had found peace; and wherever the irritation at some wrong became too great to bear, he would retire and compose himself before he came back into the outer world. I have seen him do this so many times, that I can understand the stern self-discipline that it needed.

It was very rarely indeed that this indignation blazed forth against something that was inconsiderately mistaken by him for a wrong or an evil. If that ever occurred, he was the first to come forward and make amends: indeed he would run to do so. But the times that I remember most clearly were those, when some hypocrisy needed to be exposed, or when some cruelty to the weak had occurred in his own presence. Then, I have seen his eyes flash; and I have realised something of what it must have looked like, to watch Christ's own indignation at the sight of cruelty or hypocrisy. I have known also then that what it truly meant, that Christ championed the outcast and the despised, and stood on their side, even when His own character was defamed, and how He was called the 'friend of publicans and sinners.' Willie Pearson tried to follow Christ there.

In the formation and growth of such a character as this, it has been possible for me to appreciate the meaning and purpose of the long discipline of pain both in his early manhood and later years so bravely borne; the long discipline of silence and meditation self-imposed, but equally necessary for the moulding of his nature. It has been made easier for me also to understand what was the divine purpose in the sudden accident on the railway, together with those long-drawn weary days of suffering at the last, so chivalrously endured with a smile, and his death just as he had reached the height of all his powers. If Christ, as we read in one of the New Testament epistles 'was made perfect though suffering', we may surely be thankful to God that this disciple, who sought to follow Christ so closely, was counted worthy to suffer for Christ's name. He too, like his Master, was made perfect through suffering.

THE EDICTS OF ASOKA.

By PROFESSOR J. N. SAMADDAR.

Mr. H. G. Wells, when asked in an interview about the six Greatest Men in History, spoke of Asoka, among all the thousands of kings, experors, and majesties, great and little, as shining almost alone, a star. Asoka, indeed occupies a unique place in the gallery of greatest kings known to history.

With reference to his immortal edicts the general idea is that they were meant only for the "long endurance" of the Good Law of Piety—the Dhamma. I will try to show, however, that not only from the point of view of religion but from other points of view,—political, social, and economic,—the edicts give us a fairly clear picture of ancient India in the "golden age" of the Imperial Mauryas.

I shall first draw attention to some of these edicts from the social point of view.

Duty to parents and superiors along with sanctity of animal life, was of course, one of the cardinal doctrines of the edicts,—we find it repeated in many of them. In the second Minor Rock Edict, Father and Mother were to be harkened to, an injunction which was repeated in the Third and Fourth Rock Edict "for that was an excellent thing," as well as in the Eleventh and Thirteenth. Similiarly, duty to teachers was inculcated in Rock Edict II, as well as Edict IX, while it was also enjoined that fitting courtesy was to be shown to relations whose unseemly behaviour was increasing.

Due reverence is to be paid to superiors, but this does not indicate that slaves and servants are not to be accorded proper treatment. Rock Edict IX inculcates this doctrine. Indeed, if I may be permitted to digress, I would assert that slavery, though of course in existence, was not regarded as very humiliating, the general condition of a slave not being a hard one.

Chanakya lays down in the Arthasastra that "employing a slave to carry the dead or to sweep; or giving a slave the leavings of food; keeping a slave naked; or hurting or abusing him; or violating the chastity of a female slave shall cause the forfeiture of the value paid." Slaves could enjoy private property and,

what was more, anything which a slave earned, without prejudice to his master's work, was the slave's property. The slave's property after his death was to go to his kinsmen, the master gettting it only in the event of the slave having no kinsmen. There were again special regulations for boy-slaves, less than eight years of age, who could not be mortgaged or sold in a foreign land, neither could such a slave be employed in mean avocations. A slaves could obtain liberty on paying the value for which he was enslaved and after that he could regain his Aryahood.

Respect for living creatures, *i.e.*, sanctity of animal life was naturally one of the cardinal doctrines of the great Buddhist King. We find in the Edicts the successive stages of his growing enthusiasm for his favourite doctrine, beginning from the stopping of slaughter in the royal kitchen, till, after twenty six years (Pillar Edict), he laid down an elaborate code practically prohibiting the slaughter of animals. Evidently Asoka had this sanctity of animal life in view when he made healing arrangements for men as well as for lower animals (Girnar Rock Edict). Medicinal herbs, wheresoever lacking, were imported and cultivated; on the roads, wells were dug, and trees planted; for the use of both man and beast.

Mr. Vincent Smith in this connection observes that "The sanctity attaching to the life of the most insignificant insect was not extended to the life of man" (Asoka, P. 58). This view is surely both narrow and unworthy. The explanation of the stress laid on the animal is obvious. No importance had been attached to animal life during the previous Hindu regime. On the contrary, as we find clearly mentioned in the Fourth Rock Edict, "For a long period past, even for many hundred years, have increased the sacrificial slaughter of living creatures, the killing of animate beings," and it was therefore, only in the fitness of things that the great Buddhist King who wanted to inculcate *ahimsá*, should put a certain emphasis on the saving of animal life which had been neglected previously. But that does not imply in any way that such sanctity was not extended to the life of man —God's highest and noblest creation. Rather, the sympathy of Asoka for his suffering fellow creatures, both man and animal, find adequate expression in the provision to which we have already

referred for the healing of man and beast not only throughout his vast empire, but even in the kingdoms of his friends (Rock Edict II).

Toleration, was the characteristic and basic ideal of the great Emperor. Liberality towards ascetics and Brahmins was inculcated in the Ninth Rock Edict—a doctrine repeated in Edict XII which points out that "the sects of other people all deserve reverence for one reason or another. By thus acting a man exalts his own sect, and at the same time does service to the sects of other people. By acting contrariwise a man hurts his own sect, and does disservice to the sects of other people. For he who does reverence to his own sect, while disparaging the sects of others, wholly from attachment to his own, with intent to enhance its splendour, in reality by such conduct inflicts the severest injury on his own sect".

While lavishing his treasure chiefly on Buddhist shrines and monasteries, he did not hesitate to spend large sums in hewing out of hard rocks, spacious cave-dwellings, or *Ajivikas,* not even grudging the expense of polishing the interiors like so many mirross; and there can be no doubt that liberal benefactions were bestowed likewise on the Jains and Brahmins. (Kashmir tradition preserves the name of Brahmanical temples built of restored by Asoka). In his Rock Edict, Asoka expresses his desire that persons professing all shades of belief may live anywhere they like; for, says the King. "All of them aim at self-control and purity of mind."

The word *Palikilesam* occurs in the Dhauli Edict. Dhauli is a very important place in our Province, having been identified with Tosali, one of the provincial capitals of Asoka. This Edict inscribed in his 14th and 15th regnal year was addressed to the High Officers administering the town. Mr. V. A. Smith referring to this word has translated it into "bodily torture" and come to the conclusion that, "it is clear that Asoka maintained the ferocious criminal code of the *Arthasastra* and his grandfather."

It is true that in the *Arthasastra* several chapters do deal with the Mauryan Law on the question of judicial torture, but we also note there that (*a*) Punishment is to be meted out only when the charge is quite established against the accused; and that (*b*) a

number of people such as ignoramuses and Brahmanas shall never be subject to physical pain; women also were generally excluded; Mr. Smith himself refers to the fact that in the *Arthasastra*, when the Superintendent of Jails subjects any persons to unjust punishment he is to be fined, and that causing death to anyone by torture was strictly prohibited. Further, the Edict says that "The administrators of the town should strive all the time that restraint or torment of citizens may not take place *without due cause.*"

If due regard had to be paid to the law, how could there be excessive torture? There was the punishment of mutiliation no doubt, but there was also the alternative of fine. Only in one case have we found a reference to a man to be done to death *viz.*, when a man murdered another in a quarrel.

Mr. Smith characterises all the eighteen kinds of "torture," as he calls it, referred by Chanakya, as appalling. Of these however, 9 were blows with a cane,—a punishment which is even now resorted to. And if we compare the kinds of punishment in vogue even in eighteenth century England, we cannot accept the suggestion of the author of Asoka who characterises the Maurya Law as specially "horrible". And further when we consider in this connection, that there were a number of humane regulations even to prevent cruel treatment to animals, we can find even less justification for his further remark "that Asoka maintained the ferocious criminal code of his ancestors."

In the First Rock Edict there is a term *Samája* which Dr. Thomas explains as "plainly a celebration of games or rather contests taking place in an arena, or amphitheatre, surrounded by platforms for spectators." And, if we enquire what there may have been in them to offend the humanity of Asoka, we have only to call to mind the contests of animals described by the Greeks and implied in the Sanskrit literature. The life of revelry indulged in by the warrior-caste, already indicated by the rules on drinking, dicing and contests between animals, and shown by the law, is perhaps caricatured by the great carousal in the *Harivamsa*, but is testified to not only by Megasthenes, but by the description in the Epic of all the paraphernalia of pastimes at Court. The *Samája* we may add, also involved a public feast where meat, one of the principal articles of food, was served.

Dr. Thomas refers further to the *Dighanikaya* where we have mention of fights between elephants, buffaloes etc. and concludes, "we can easily, therefore, see why attendance at such gatherings is in the *Dighanikaya* stigmatized as a sin." Dr. Thomas, however, fails to notice one significant fact. The Edict says "Here no animal may be slaughtered for sacrifice, nor shall any merry-makings be held. His sacred and Gracious Majesty sees therein much offence, *although certain merrymakings are excellent in the sight of His Sacred and Gracious Majesty the King.*" What was this other *Samája* which a puritan king like Asoka thought excellent?

In Brahmanical literature we find references to three description of such *Samájas*, the first reference is in the *Hari-Vamsa* where Kamsa invited his people to witness a wrestling match; the second is in the *Mahábhárata*, where Dronácharya, the teacher of the Kuru-Pándavas after finishing their education, wanted to give a public exhibition, and a *Samája* was accordingly announced to the people. The third description is also in the *Mahábhárata* in connection with the *Svayamvara* of Draupadi where a *Samája* was erected, abounding with actors, dancers etc.

In Buddhist literature also, there were two kinds of *Samája* —one in which meat and other prohibitive foods were taken, while in the other there were only innocent amusements. *E.g.* in the Vinaya certain Bhikshus are described as behaving like ordinary sensual laymen in a *Samája*, while we have also an account of a *Samája*, where the assembled Bhikshus bathed an dined, there being no partaking of prohibitive food or drink.

Evidently the second kind of *Samája* is referred to in the latter portion of the Edict as being appreciated by the King.

I shall now come to matters touching political history as indications of the political atmosphere of those days. Let us take the Third Rock Edict which I consider to be the most important Edict from the point of view of political matters, where there are a number of terms which call for special attention *viz.*—Yukta, Rajuka, Pradesika, Anusamyana, Parisat and Ganana.

Dr. Thomas was the first to recognise the meaning of Yukta as a subordinate official. Both Chanakya's Arthasastra and the Manava Dharma Sastra confirm his explanation of the term. The

next is Rajuka, who as we see in the Fourth Pillar Edict had power ever many hundred thousands of people. Buhler's notion of its relation to *rajju,* a measuring rope, was evidently mistaken. Mr. Vincent Smith has translated the term into Governor. He says that, "Considering the extent of these officer's powers over hundreds of thousands of subjects, and the unfettered discretion allowed to them, the rendering "Governors" is preferable to "Commissioners". It is likely that the post of Rajuka had long existed and that Asoka's innovation consisted in granting them extensive powers obviating the necessity of their obtaining sanction for particular acts by references to the Crown.

The next term *Pradesika* has been explained by Dr. Thomas as "an officer attached to the several grades of councillers and of local Governors, and charged with the executive duties of revenue collection and police, a combination so constant in India." Mr. Vincent Smith (Asoka P. 162) accepts the explanation of Dr. Thomas and considers the officer " to have been more or less equivalent to the District officer or Magistrate and Collector of modern India."

I venture to differ from both these two high authorities. My first point is that the word *Pradesika* is derived from Pradesa which evidently implies a larger area,—a fact which Dr. Thomas himself admits. Secondly, if we refer to the *Arthasastra,* we find that the *Pradestris*—officers whom Dr. Thomas has identified with these *Pradesikas*—were to hold in check the Superintendents and their subordinates. They were, of course, under the Collector-General, as is evident from the above, but that they wielded considerable power is evident, for we find here that three Pradestris shall deal with measures to suppress disturbance to peace. Again we find these officers doing the duties of a judge. Thus it appears that their position was equal to that of a Minister, or at least that of a modern Commissioner and we are thus led to say that taking the derivation of the word as well as of the powers, they could not have been merely "district officers" charged with the executive duties of revenue collection and police.

The Girnar and the Kalinga Edicts contain the term *Anusamyana.* This is a difficult term and the difficulty has been intensified by the fact that up to time this word has not been

discovered in any place other than in the Edicts. At one time, the word was translated into "Assembly" and on another occasion as "Circuit." A new explanation has been suggested by Mr. K. P. Jayaswal, who questions: "Would the whole body of the High Ministers, who as at Taxila and at Ujjain were charged with the Government of the Presidency or Viceroyalty "go out" or "be turned out" together "for the purposes of going on an official tour"? And he goes on to observe that "the results would be that the Capital could be without a single minister during the alleged "tour". This interpretation is accepted by the late Dr. V. A. Smith who observes: "He is probably correct in referring to the *Sukraniti* and interpreting the term as signifying a regular system of transfer from one station or district to another, designed to prevent the abuses apt to arise when officials remain too long in a particular locality."

The term *Gananayam* is also important. It was the Accounts Department, referred to in the *Arthasastra,* which gives us full details about it. One of its duties was to prevent the diminishing of revenue,— "excellent is small expense with small accountation". As Kautilya says: "By how much the Superintendent of a department augments the net total of its revenue either by increasing any one of the items of its receipts or by decreasing any one of the items of expenditure, he shall be rewarded eight times that amount. But when it is reversed (*i.e.* when the net total is decreased) the award shall also be reversed (*i.e.* he shall be made to pay eight times the decrease)" the object in every case being economy.

Mr. Jayaswal adds in this connection that the *Ganana, i.e.*, the Department of State Accounts, was required to take notes of the order of the five-yearly transfers and implies that no allowance to the ministers after the fifth year was to be sanctioned by the Department, as that would be unlawful expenditure.

The term *Parisat* in this Edict (it also occurs in R. E. III) is one which requires further examination. Senart took it as *Samgha* and Buller as the "Committee of the Caste." The latest interpretation is *Mantriparisat*—an assembly of ministers. This term has been used in the *Arthasastra.* Kautilya observes "all kinds of administrative measures are preceded by deliberations

in a well formed Council". And again "in works of emergency, the King shall call both his ministers and the assembly of ministers." Mr. Jayaswal referring to these considers that the Council of Ministers was very powerful, so much so, that the Emperor was thereby deprived of "authority". But the question is, how far this Council of Ministers was effective and whether or not too much prominence has been given to the existence of the *Mantri-parisat,* with which has been compared the modern day Executive Councils?

Kautilya has observed regarding this important point, that the King is not to despise anybody's opinion but hear the opinion of all, "for a wise man shall make use of even a child's utterance," and though he advised the formation of a well-formed Council in which all kinds of administrative measures are to be preceded by deliberations, the authority which Chanakya exercised over Chandragupta, as we find in the *Mudraraksasa,* hardly leaves any doubt of the necessity for a Council.

The Arthasastra has laid special stress on spies and a spy system. Indeed the Institution of spies formed a special item in Chanaya's Code of Law. In the sixth Rock Edit (Girnar) occurs the word *Pativedaka* which has been rendered into *ushers* by Mr. K. P. Jayaswal. I am inclined to think, with Mr. V. A. Smith, that the term refers to spies many of whom had free access to the King.

A special injunction is laid down in the sixth Rock Edict that "A long period has elapsed during which in the past business was not carried on or information brought in at all times. So by me the arrangement has been made that at all times, when I am eating or in the ladies appartments, or in my private room or in the news, or in my conveyance, or in the pleasure grounds, every where *the persons appointed to give information should keep me informed about the affairs of the people.*" The persons appointed to give information (and from the derivation of the word *Pativedaka* we get the same meaning) could not be anybody other than these spies.

Ordinary ushers (whatever may be the duties of the gentleman ushers of the English court) could not have done all this in the time of the Mauryas when the King, as we find in the

Greek accounts, was so much afraid of his life that, he could not sleep twice in one room, and when the spy system being so much in vogue could be and was so easily availed of.

Further, the Edict goes on. "And in all places I attend the affairs of the people. And, if perchance, by word of mouth I personally command a donation or injunction, or again, when a matter of urgency has been committed to the High Officers, and in that matter a division or adjournment takes place in the council, then without delay information must be given to me in all places, at all times." It was only possible for the spies to carry such information to the king immediately, wherever he was.

Coming to the Fifth Rock Edict, we find the word *Mahámátra* which is also referred to in R. E. XII and VII. Asoka observes, "Now in all the long time past, officers known as Censors (*Dharma-mahámátras*) of the Law of Piety never had existed, whereas such Censors were created by me." This implies that before Asoka's time, there were officers whose duty was confined to the ordinary business of administration; but Asoka introduced an innovation by creating officers whose duty was to look to the Law of Piety and with a similar object, he created women censors, whose functions had special reference to ladies. We are told by Edict V, that these were employed in the Capital and in all provincial towns, in the women's apartments of the king's brothers and sisters, as well as other relatives.

There was a well-established department under these censors of the Law of Piety, who possessed the power of modifying the sentence of convicts while their other duties included jurisdiction in cases of injury inflicted on animals contrary to the regulations, exhibitions of gross filial disrespect and other breaches of the moral rules prescribed by authority. They were also instructed to redress cases of wrongful confinement or corporal punishment and were empowered to grant remission of sentence when the offender was entitled to consideration by reason of advanced years, sudden calamity or the burden of a large family. Very likely, they also shared with the censors of women the delicate duty of supervising feminine morals, the households of the royal family both at the capital and in the provincial towns being subject to their inspection.

From the Edicts, then, the hierarchy of officers in the establishment of Asoka may be roughly laid down as follows :

First come, of course, the Viceroys who stood at the head of all officers. They were members of the royal family, with headquarters at Taxila, Tosali, Ujjain. There was also a fourth Viceroy very likely at Suvannagiri who ruled the southern provinces beyond the Nerbudda.

The Mahámátras (ministers) come next with purely lay, functions but a new class of them was organised by Asoka who also supervised morals.

Next to them, come the Rajukas, who, as we have found, were set over many hundred thousands of people and were granted independence in the award of honours and penalties in order that they could confidently and fearlessly perform their duties, bestow welfare and happiness upon the people in the country and confer favours upon them. It seems to me that these were the officers who administered the central regions of the Empire.

The Yuktas who were the members of the subordinate civil service and the Upayuktas come next. These were all specially trained local officials (The Borderers' Edict). The Lekhyakas (clerks) come in last.

The Sixth Rock Edict is also important from the political standpoint. Here we find a close resemblance between what Asoka lays down, and what Chanakya the *guru* of the Mauryas lays down in his Arthasastra, so much so, that it seems clear that the great Buddhist Emperor followed the dictates of his great Brahman minister.

Asoka is not at all content with what his officers did. Information is to be sent to him even when he was eating or when he was in the ladies apartment or wherever he was. The Arthasastra clearly lays down the duties of the kind thus "when in court he shall never cause his petitioners to wait at the door, for when a king makes himself in accessible to his people and entrusts his work to his immediate officers, he is sure to engender confusion in business and to cause thereby public disaffection, and make himself a prey to his enemies. He shall, therefore, personally attend to the business of gods, of heretics, of Brahmans learned in the Vedas, of cattle, of sacred places, of minors, of the aged, the

afflicted, and the helpless, and of women. All this in order (of enumeration) or according to the urgency or pressure of those works. All urgent calls he shall hear at once, but never put off; for when postponed, they will prove too hard or impossible to accomplish.

Of a king, continues the Arthasastra, the religious vow is his readiness to action; satsifactory discharge of duties in his performance of sacrifice; equal attention to all in the offer of fees; and ablution toward consecration. In the happiness of his subjects lies his happiness; in their welfare his welfare; whatever pleases himself he shall not consider as good, but whatever pleases his subjects he shall consider as good. Hence the king shall ever be active and discharge his duties.

I shall now turn to discuss some terms bearing on the economic condition of India in the age of Mauryas.

The Superintendent of pastures is referred to in R. E. XIII. This officer was directly concerned with the sanctity of animal life and as such he figures along with the censors of the law of Piety and the censors of women. This of course as a natural conclusion. But, in addition to this, there seems to me some special reason for mentioning this officer and in this connection I would refer to Rock Edict VI, where Asoka wants to be informed of everything at all times. There we find the term *Vachambi* which has been translated into *mews*. That is one of the places which appear to be frequently frequented by the Emperor himself. And why?

Vachambi is Vraja (Arthasastra 11.6) which was a herd of cattle including cows, buffaloes, goats, sheep, asses, camels, horses and mules. Great attention was paid in those days to agriculture and the importance of livestock being then fully realised, special care was taken by Government in regard to their health and improvement. Cattle were classified, branded and registered. There was a special department for pastures and grazing grounds for the proper supply of fodder and there were altogether elaborate arrangements for running the Department. It was therefore, no wonder that the king himself was bound to inspect the live stock, both from the religious as well as from the economic point of view.

The next question arises in connection with our study of the celebrated Rummindei inscription on the pillar placed to commemorate the birth place of Buddha. "Inasmuch as here the Holy one was born," the village of Lummini was released from religious cesses and required to pay only one-eighth as land revenue. *Bali* as explained by the Arthasastr is a special religious tax. The exemption from this was granted to the villagers, to mark the Emperor's visit to this sacred place. So much, of course, is clear.

There is, however, some difficulty about this one-eighth (*athabhága*). Bhaga, according to the Arthasastra means a portion of produce payable to the Government, but what ordinarily was the King's share? The Arthasastra treats of revenue from various sources: Produce from crown lands (*sita*), portion of produce payable to the Government (*bhaga*) religious taxes (*bali*), taxes paid in money (*kara*) by merchants and farmers of rivers, ferries, boats and ships, towns and pasture grounds, roadcess (*vartain*) etc. No mention is made here as to the amount of tax payable, but in the same book we find the following: Fields that are left unsown, may be brought under cultivation by employing those who cultivate for half the share of the produce; or those who live by their own physical exertion may cultivate such fields for one-fourth or one-fifth of the produce grown. In another place, it is stated that "in such parts of his countries as depend solely upon rain for water and are rich in grain, the king may demand of his subjects one-third or one-fourth of their grain according to their capacity." And again: "They were to pay one-fourth of their grain."

Even this cursory analysis of the Edicts makes it clear that the prevalent notion as to the Edicts being merely of religious import, is an incorrect one, and that they do throw a flood of light not only on the ethical aspect, but also on the social, political and economical activities of the great Asoka, of whom it has been so aptly said: "If a man's fame can be measured by the number of hearts who revere his memory, by the number of lips who have mentioned and still mention him with honour, Asoka is more famous than Charlemagne or Caesar" (*Koppen*).

CHINA'S DEBT TO INDIA.

By Prof. Liang Chi Chao.

[*From a speech of welcome to Rabindranath Tagore*].

The meaningless idolatory of hero-worship is common amongst the peoples of Europe and America. We, Chinese, have not so far acquired this fashionable habit. We, who welcome Dr. Tagore may each have our several reasons,—it may even be that, like the Europeans and Americans, some of us are merely hero-worshipping him. But we must all recognise the one great idea, that he comes to us from the country which is our nearest and dearest brother,—India.

To say that the country of India is our brother is not a mere matter of courtesy to our guest. The fact has its foundation in history.

In ancient times China did not enjoy that facility of communication which was the privilege of the races bordering the Mediterranean Sea. On the other hand, we had the disadvantage of being shut up in one corner of eastern Asia without any means of communicating with other great races and cultures. The islands in the eastern and southern oceans were populated by savages. America, on the far side of the Pacific, gave no sign of civilisation. Beyond our western and northern frontiers there were those barbarous and ferocious races, whose business it ever was to threaten and devastate, but never to help us.

It is well for us to remember that this little privilege of culture, which we posses to-day, has been handed down to us by our ancestors, who laboured long within secluded boundaries, unaided and single-handed. It is also due to the seclusion of its environment that our culture gives the impression of being monotonous and conservative to an extraordinary degree.

But across our south-western boundary, there was a great and cultured country, India. Both in character and geography, India and China are like twin brothers. Before most of the civilised races became active, we two brothers had already begun

to study the great problems which concern the whole of mankind. We had already accomplished much in the interests of humanity. India was ahead of us and we, the little brother, followed behind.

But God had not been kind. He had placed between us a vast area of unfeeling desert and two great ranges of cruel snowy peaks, which separated us for thousands of years. It was not till two thousand years ago that we were given gradually to know that we had a very good elder brother on the earth.

When did these two great countries begin to communicate with each other?

According to India history, King Asoka sent a number of missionaries to propagate Buddhist ideas. Probably some of them had travelled as far as China. Our own tradition says that in the time of the famous Emperor Chin Sze Hwang, (who built the Great Wall), there were already more than ten Hindus, who had been to Chang-on and who were imprisoned and killed by him (from the book *Shib I Gee*). Asoka and Chin Sze Hwang were contemporaries and therefore this might have been true. But we need not worry over half fairy tales.

What we as historians are able to vouch is, that the first communication between us as brothers occurred in the first century of the era of Christ. From the tenth year of Han Yung Tsin to the fifth year of Tang Chen Yuan (67—789 A.D.), roughly eight-hundred years, the Hindu scholars, who came to China numbered twenty-four, to which may be added thirteen from Kashmir (which in Tang times was not recognised as part of India) thus making thirty-seven in all, not counting those who came from other countries on the eastern and western side of Chung Lin (Turkestan). Our scholars, who went to India to study, during the period from the western Tsin to the Tang dynasties (265—790 A.D.) numbered 187, the names of 105 of whom we can ascertain. Among the most famous from India were Tumullosa (*Kumárajîva*) Chu Shien (*Buddhabhadra*) Chen Di (*Jinabhadra*) and from China, Ta Shien, Yuan Chuang and I Tsin.

During a period of 700 to 800 years, we lived like affectionate brothers, loving and respecting one another.

And now we are told that, within recent years, we have at length come into contact with civilised (!) races. Why have they come to us? They have come coveting our land and our wealth; they have offered us as presents cannon balls dyed in fresh blood; their factories manufacture goods and machines which daily deprive our people of their crafts. But we two brothers were not like that in the days gone by. We were both devoted to the cause of the universal truth, we set out to fulfil the destiny of mankind, we felt the necessity for co-operation. We Chinese specially felt the need for leadership and direction from our elder brothers the people of India. Neither of us were stained in the least by any motive of self-interest—of that we had none.

During the period when we were most close and affectionate to one another, it is a pity that this little brother had no special gift to offer to its elder brother; whilst our elder brother had given to us gifts of singular and precious worth, which we can never forget.

Now what is it that we so received?

1. India taught us to embrace the idea of absolute freedom,—that fundamental freedom of mind, which enables it to shake off all the fetters of past tradition and habit as well as the present customs of a particular age,—that spiritual freedom which casts off the enslaving forces of material existence. In short, it was not merely that negative aspect of freedom which consists in ridding ourselves of outward oppression and slavery, but that emancipation of the individual from his own self, through which men attain great liberation, great ease and great fearlessness.

2. India also taught us the idea of absolute love, that pure love towards all living beings which eliminates all obsessions of jealousy, anger, impatience, disgust and emulation which expresses itself in deep pity and sympathy for the foolish, the wicked and the sinful,—that absolute love, which recognises the inseparability between all beings. "The equality of friend and enemy." "The oneness of myself and all things." This great gift is contained in the Da Tsang Jen (Buddhist classics). The teachings in these seven thousand volumes can be summed up in one phrase: *To cultivate sympathy and intellect, in order to*

attain absolute freedom through wisdom and absolute love through pity.

3. But our elder brother had still something more to give. He brought us invaluable assistance in the field of literature and art. In the first place, these came indirectly through Si-Yu; and secondly from the Indian sages, who came to China bringing with them, as gifts for presentation to our Emperor, their pictures, sculptures, and books. Thirdly they were brought by the Chinese scholars on their return from India; for instance, in the biography of Uuen Tsang, besides his observations on the classics, there was a list of articles in which were included all kinds of works of art. Lastly we learn from the translated classics, not only of India's wisdom, but also of its art.

4. Of minor gifts, I will enumerate only the following:

Music.—This came indirectly through Si-Yu. We have no idea what our ancient music was like, for after the Southern and Northern Dynasties, it had degenerated and almost disappeared. It is possible that something was left in the South of the Yang Tse river, but in the North our own music gave way before the Indian influences, which were brought in by Si-Yu. The Suey and Tang dynasties succeeded the Norther dynasties and united the empire and thereafter this northern music predominated. The most popular tunes were Gan Chou, I Chou and Liang Chou, all names of districts in the Sin Chang and Gan Su provinces. But at that time these provinces were almost wholly under the influence of India. To-day we have no record of the music of this era, except what has been preserved by the Japanese Royal House. But from what is recorded in the history of Tang and the Book of Music as well as in the appreciations of music found in our general literature, we can be certain that that music must have been beautiful and exquisite. The cause of such excellence is probably due to the marriage of Chinese and Indian modes.

Architecture.—That China has been influenced by Indian in her architecture is an obvious fact although we have lost sight of the great work in the *Cha Lan* Temple in Lo Yang, and although we have to rely upon accounts met with in literature and poetry to obtain any idea of the beauty and grandeur of the temples of

Yung Pin (Perpetual Peace) and *Tsze* (Material Grace), we have still standing a number of ruins which tell us of the glory of those olden days. The pagoda is purely Indian in origin, we never had it before the days of Indian influence. We do not always realise how much this particular form of architecture adds to the natural beauty of our landscape. We cannot imagine the West Lake in Hang Chow without its two pagodas, the grand *Luey Fong* (Thunder peak) and the graceful *Ban Su*. What charm would be in the City of Pian Lianz, if it were not for the presence of the iron pagoda and the pagoda *Tan Tai* (House of abundance)? The oldest piece of architecture in Peking is the pagoda in front of the temple *Tien Nien* (Heavenly Peace) built at the end of the 6th century A.D. What beauty of harmony does the island of *Chung Hwa* (Fairy flower), in Pei Hei, reveal with the white pagoda on its peak and the long verandah below, which the combination of Chinese and Indian architecture alone could have achieved. There as elsewhere we see the wonderful interplay of these two cultures.

Painting.—The paintings of the most ancient period of our history have disappeared. Only from the stone tablets and stone inscriptions, such as the famous Han paintings in Wu Liang Tse and Jab Siang Shien, do we obtain a glimpse of the fine simplicity of style in the paintings of that period. The most renowned painters in our early history were Kuo Tan Wei and Kuo Hu To. They were famous for their paintings of Buddha. Another interesting relic is still to be found in Lo San, the famous shadow of Buddha, which I suspect to be the first piece of oil painting in China. A few of works of Wang Wei and Wu Tao Tse are still preserved and for the most part they are Buddhistic pictures. It seems obvious that, from the East Chin dynasty to that of Tang, there was continuous communication between India and China and this, with its introduction of numerous Indian pictures, had a shaping influence upon Chinese art; in fact we might go further and say that we probably owe the very foundation of our Chinese painting to India influence. This great school continued to flourish till the North Sung dynasty, when it was superseded by the artists of our Royal Academy. It is still regarded as embody-

ing the classical style of Chinese painting, so you see what a beautiful child this marriage between India and China has brought forth.

Sculpture.—In olden times we had engravings upon stone but never, I think, sculpture in three dimensions before the introduction of Buddhism. From the Book of famous Monks, we learn that Tai An Tao (Tsin dynasty), who was generally known as a painter and a literary man, was also a sculptor. He and his brother worked together upon a large image of Buddha, which enjoyed great fame in its day. After that time there are records of famous sculptures executed during the six dynasties and the Sui and Tang. Unfortunately all these were destroyed during the Civil Wars as well as by the deliberate vandalism of three emperors, who were bitterly opposed to Buddhism. We still possess to-day the great rock sculptures and reliefs, three or four thousand in number, at Lo Yang and Lung Men, executed during the Wei and Tsi dynasties. But the greatest treasure we have is the group of figures at Yung Kwang, Da Tung and Shensi, large and small, not less than a thousand in number. It is said that the style is after Gandhara in Afghanistan, the result of the meeting between the Greek and the Indian Culture. This is indeed a priceless possession of which if it had not for our elder brother we should have been deprived. Incidentally, we might also mention the art of the *kakimono,* whose origin we also owe to India. In fact in the inventory of Yuen Tsang, there is a record of a number of *kakimono*, which he brought back with him from India.

Drama.—We can trace the art of drama back to the play of Fish and Dragon, which was probably a species of magic or leger-demain, rather than drama in the modern sense. Dancing and Singing had their respective origins in ancient days, but the combination of the two does not seem to appear till after the Tsing Dynasty. The earliest operatic play we know of was called Pu Tow. Modern research has shown that it was introduced from a country called Bato, near Southern India, some ten thousand miles from Da Tung. The story of the play centres round a man who went into the mountains to avenge his father, who was

killed by a tiger. He expresses his feelings in passionate song and dance. Later plays such as Lian Ling Wang, the King of Lan Lin and the Tao Yao Niang were all patterned on Pu Tow. If this is true, then once again we are in debt to India in the field of drama.

Poetry and Fiction.—To say that India influenced us even in poetry and fiction would perhaps seem astonishing. I myself am not certain whether in these modes of expression, we ever received any distant influence from India, but on the other hand we have reason to believe that the celebrated translation of the two great books, Fu Pan Shen Tsai (the life of Sákyamuni by Asvaghôsha) and Dai Shen Chung Yen Tsin (Maháyána Sûtra) by the great Indian poet Ma Ming (Indian name unknown) must have exerted a decided influence upon our literature. Our original poetry from the Book of Odes to the five syllable lines of Han and Wei included only short personal lyrics. Narrative poetry never made its appearance until the six dynasties in such poems as Kung Chou Tung Nan Fe and Fu Pan Shen Tsai, (originally a long biographical poem, but now rendered into Chinese prose in four books), which latter not only exerted great influence as Hindu literature, but was also greatly influential among literary circles in China during the six dynasties. Its vast imagination and rich emotional appeal opened new vistas for the Chinese poets and I suspect that the Kung Chou Tung Nan Fe and the long narrative poems of the same order were themselves inspired by this great work. There is clear evidence that our Novel writing was under the direct influence of Mahayana translations. It seems to me that our tales from the Tein to the Tang period, were modelled on them. Our novels, properly speaking, did not appear till the Sung period and were largely the product of our study of Hua Yuan and Pan Chi (Ratna Uta).

Astronomy and Calendar.—This special branch of science was early cultivated in China, but received further development in the Tang period, when the publication of Ju Tchu Sie showed distinct influence from India.

Medicine.—This is an original art in China but it received great encouragement from our contact with India. What is

recorded in the History of Suey and in the Books on Art and Literature in the History of Tang gives sufficient proofs of my assertion.

Alphabet.—The Chinese language is by nature pictorial, and that is a great disadvantage. With the introduction of Buddhism and Sanskrit a number of Indian scholars attempted to invent an alphabetical system to solve our difficulties. Although it was rather crude and did not yield very satisfactory results, it furnished us with valuable material for further experimentation.

Literary style.—Ancient Chinese written books do not show sufficient effort at organisation and therefore lack clarity of presentation. With the coming in of Buddhist classics, it began to be more systematic and consequently more lucid and logical in the exposition of ideas. Indian logic (Hetuvidya) and methodology opened a new era in China in the art of writing. Yuan Chuang was one of the most painstaking students of this new science and he and his new followers created a new school of thought famous for its rigorous analytical and critical method, which stood in direct opposition to the contemplative and introspective method of the Zen Buddhists.

Educational method.—Exactly how education was conducted in ancient China no one is able to tell, but we are quite certain that Confucius and Mencius did not resort to the method of addressing large audiences for the propagation of their teachings, and it is quite likely, therefore, that the system of formal lecturing,. with which we are so familiar to-day, came from India Furthermore the academics which flourished since the Tang dynasty cannot be other than Buddhist in origin. Whether this setting part of particular institutions for the investigation of specialised problems has great educational value is another question, but we must acknowledge the important position which this method occupies in Chinese educational history.

Social Organisation.—The unit of Chinese society is the family. The different forms of social organisation are only the family in its various modifications. Since Buddhism became popular in China, public bodies with religious and scholarly purposes, independent of the family, began to appear. And

these flourished in such extraordinary degree that the power of Government could have no control over them. The Pu Do islands, up to the present day, enjoy exclusive judicial privileges and are administered on a peculiar social basis of a more or less communistic nature.

What I have referred to above comprise the main elements of our Buddhistic heritage and I am proud to say that we have made use of it to good purpose.

Indian thought has been entirely assimilated into our own world of experience and has become an inalienable part of our consciousness. It has helped us to develop our faculties and has enabled us to achieve notable results in the various fields of literary and artistic endeavour. Even if we confine our case to Buddhism itself, we find that we have made some worthy contributions to its many metaphysical systems, forming ever new schools of thought upon the foundation of the old, through the energy and application of men like Yuan Chiang; so that we may take just pride in saying that Buddhism has become as distinctly Chinese as it is Indian.

We have unfortunately been separated from one another now for at least one thousand years and have each pursued our respective lines of development. We have had calamities during these years of separation. What have we not experienced? We have been threatened mocked, trampled upon and have suffered all possible mortifications, so much so indeed that not only have we been looked upon with contemptuous eyes, but we ourselves have begun to lose the sense of self-respect.

But we have faith in the imperishability of human endeavour and the seeds we have sown, in spite of the many vicissitudes and inclemencies which we are passing through, will eventually bring us harvest in the fulness of time.

Do not we find an inspiring symbol in the ancient trees of the sacred wood round Confucius' tomb, reputed to have been planted by himself and his chief disciples, which though shrunk with senility and almost in a petrified state, are yet capable of manifesting their hidden vitality by shooting forth new branches of tender green, when the earth is awakened to the call of Spring?

Both the civilisations represented by India and China are hoary with ancient traditions and yet I feel that there is in them the vigour of eternal youth, which shows itself to-day in India in the two great personalities of Tagore and Gandhi.

After a thousand years of separation during which period, however, we two continued to cherish thoughts of love for one another, this elder brother of ours has once more come to us animated with fraternal sentiments. Both of us bear lines of sorrow on our face, our hair is grey with age, we stare with a blank and vacant look as if we are just awakened from a dream; but, as we gaze on each other, what recollections and fond memories of our early youth rise in our mind,—of those days, when we shared our joys and sorrows together! Now that we have once more the happiness of embracing, we shall not allow ourselves to separate again.

We would welcome Mr. Tagore in the same spirit as, more than one thousand years ago, the people of Lo-Yang welcomed Shimonden, or as the people of Lusan welcomed Chang Ti.

Mr. Tagore wishes to make it known that he is not a religious teacher or an educationist or a philosopher, he says that he is only a poet. This we fully acknowledge.

And he says also that he cannot place himself on the same level as as his predecessors, who came in our early dynasties, because India at that time was in a period of great epic pre-eminence; it was an epoch which was capable of giving birth to great ideals and noble personalities, and therefore totally different in its spirit to the present era of transition, where human thoughts and ideas are in a state of turmoil and confusion and therefore offer no encouragement to the development of genuine and worthy personalities. This sentiment we can also, I think, appreciate.

And yet, to be a great poet needs more than an exquisite sense of what is artistic,—one must also be inspired by serious and magnanimous thoughts. In the personality of Mr. Tagore, as well as in his poetry, we find that exemplification of those principles of absolute love and absolute freedom, which form the basis of Hindu culture and civilisation.

I have no adequate idea of Hindu poetry in the great classical period and cannot, therefore, compare that with the work of our

distinguished guest. But I am perfectly sure that Mr. Tagore is as important to us as Asvaghôsha who wrote the life of Buddha in ancient days, and we hope the influence he is going to exert in China will not in any way be inferior to that of Kumárajîva and Chang-ti.

Mr. Tagore says also that he has nothing to offer as a gift from India, but he wishes to express the sentiments of love of the people of India from which he has come as a representative. I wish to say in reply that the sentiments of love are more worthy than all the gifts that he can possibly offer us. We are more than overjoyed to receive them and we wish that he would take back with him our love and sympathy, which are, I can assure him, even more intense than his own.

We trust that, on this occasion, the love between China and India will not terminate with the one or two months which Dr. Tagore is able to spend in this country. The responsibility that we bear to the whole of mankind is great indeed, and there should be, I think, a warm spirit of co-operation between India and China. The coming of India's Poet will, I hope, mark the beginning of an important epoch.

If we can avail of this occasion to renew the intimate relationship which we had with India and to establish a really constructive scheme of co-operation, then our welcome to Dr. Tagore will have real significance.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF DEATH.

By RABINDRANATH.

As the tender twilight covers in its fold of dusk-veil
Marks of hurt and wastage from the dusty day's prostration,
Even so let my great sorrow for thy loss, Beloved,
Spread one perfect golden-tinted silence of its sadness
O'er my life. Let all its jagged fractures and distortions,
All unmeaning scattered scraps and wrecks and random ruins,
Merge in vastness of some evening stilled with thy remembrance,
Filled with endless harmony of pain and peace united.

*

Love, thou hast made great my life with death's magnificence,
And hast tinted all my thoughts and dreams with radiant hues
Of thy farewell rays. The tear-washed limpid light reveals
At life's last sunset-point, the hints of Paradise
Where descending flame of Kiss from starry sphere of love
Lights the sorrows of our earth to splendour of their end,
In one blazing ecstacy of uttermost extinction.
Love, thou hast made one vast wonder Life and Death for me.

SOME FACTORS IN THE MAKING OF BENGAL.

By PANCHCOWRIE BANERJEE.

We present, in translation, a second instalment from the notes on the Special Features of the Bengali Race left in our hands by the author, shortly before his death.—*Ed.*

From the earliest ages, Bengal had a distinct civilisation of its own, different from and a rival to that of the Aryan invaders of India. And, neither the Vedic religion, nor the social ritual based on it, ever took deep root in our province, in spite of the fact that, age after age, fresh Aryan blood from western India, continued to be imported.

I do not hesitate to admit that Bengal owed much in the way of learning and outlook to the Aryans, but, in assimilating Aryan lore and culture, the Bengali made it soft and cool and rich, with all the luscious sweetness that characterises the products of his alluvial Motherland.

That is why the beef-eating, *sôma*-bibbing Aryan of old apparently waxed wroth and laid down the injunction that whosoever should sojourn in that seductively bewitching region of Bengal, for purposes other than temporary pilgrimage, would be required to undergo purification on his return!

It is a pity that we Bengalis, the inheritors of this age-old distinction, know so little of, care so little about, feel so little pride in the glorious past of our race and our land, the first home of *Ahimsa;* for, as I hope to show another time, Buddhism found its most congenial field for development, and Jainism its origin, in Bengal.

The Bengali Language.

The first thing that strikes one with wonder is, how this vast tract now known as Bengal, differentiated by climatic conditions, cut up by immense rivers, should at all have come under one and the same language and tradition, as we find it to-day.

Regard for historical truth, as glimpses of it have come to

me, compels me to ascribe this, not to Vedic or Aryan influence, but to the unique proselytising proclevities of the Shakas (the race which gave birth to Shákya Sinha, the Buddha) and to the democratic spirit of other later incoming races, possibly offshoots of Chaldeans or Huns, to which many of the subsequent Buddhist missionaries belonged.

It was due to these racial characteristics that the leading spirits of the Sahajia and Tantric sects (Bengal forms of Buddhism) set out with a comprehensive programme of spreading their culture amongst the masses. By dint of their own pursuit of the simple life, on the one hand, and the employment as instruments by them of song and story couched in the vernacular, on the other, these Siddhácháryas (Teachers who had won self-realisation) carried far and wide what they called the "True Religion" which was nothing but "natural" or "free" religion based on Buddhist teaching, expressed by the different exponents in slightly varied forms, and above all actually lived.

The number of these Siddhácháryas was legion; but we find such names as Lui, Kánha, Sabar, Nágárjun, Dák, Nâdha standing out more prominently in our old literature. Srîjñán Dipankar, who became famed in Tibet as Atisa, and Ratnákar Sánti, both of them pillars of the Vikramsîlá University, and renowned for their learning throughout the then civilised world, were reckoned amongst the Siddhácháryas in Bengal, and so were many of the Jain holy men.

Dák and his followers were not singers, but reciters of legends and stories. A section of the modern Puranic reciters are of this school and their recitations are even now called the *Kathá* (stories) of Dak. Nádha has left his name to the Neda-nedi sect of wandering Vaishnavas, still to be seen to-day. We have the Bengali proverb: "No song but Kanu's". Kánu is a pet name for Srikrishna as well, and the proverb is sometimes misinterpreted to mean that no song is worth singing unless it treats of Krishna. It really, however, refers to the compositions of Kánha (Kánhu, Kánu, Kán), the Siddhacharya, who was the originator of the Bengal form of *Kirtan,* or sacred mass-singing.

This Kánha originally belonged to the class of Sraman pandits, or Buddhist preachers; but, as the cultural unification

of Bengal proceeded, his followers came to be included under the head of Brahmins, being known, up to only the other day, as Kinnara- or Kán-Brahmins, meaning Brahmin bards. To this caste belonged Jayadeva, whose Gîta-Gôvinda has become an all-India classic; and he, with his wife, with the *bonhomie* characteristic of true Bengal poets, used to go about singing and dancing to his own melodious verses,—a performance shocking to the austere susceptibilities of the pure-bred Western Brahmin.

In fact, when later on, an Aryan polish same to be superimposed upon the people, the descendants of this and other similar castes dropped their epithets of *kinnara* or *kán, gandharva* or *gáñdh,* with their derogatory associations of public singing and dancing by both sexes, and took shelter in one or other of the upper castes—Brahmin, Vaidya or Kayastha—of Orthodoxy, in the fold of which they remain hidden away to-day.

When in the succeeding age, Chaitanya and Nityánanda arose, they found ready to hand these trained reciters and singers of the Siddhácháryas, and with their help was laid the foundation of the *Vaishnavism* which up to the present day holds its sway over the heart of Bengal. And, further, from Chaitanya down to Rabindranath, an unfailing succession of poets have built up the crowning edifice of Bengal's genius—the Religion of Love—upon the broad base of Buddha's original ideal of *Ahimsa.*

The language which these Siddhácháryas used for their religious ballads, lyrics and other compositions, was called the *Sandhyá* language. The word *sandhyá* means *borderland,* and hence is also used to mean *twilight.*

Pandit Haraprasad Shastri came to the conclusion that the language used by the Siddhácháryas was called *sandhyá,* because it was a kind of twilight language, which sought to give mere glimpses of the high truths of Buddhism, not in their pure original form, but in such modified shape as could be understood by the common people, leaving deliberately vague what it was not deemed safe or useful for them to worry about. With this conclusion I cannot agree.

The tract to the S. E. of Bhagalpur, comprising the western portions of Birbhum and the Sonthal Perganas, is the borderland between the old Aryávarta (the Indian domicile of the Aryans)

and Bengal proper, and was called the Sandhyá country. Anyone who is familiar with the several dialects, all closely resembling one another, spoken in that region, cannot have any doubts as to their near relationship to the language used by the Siddhácháryas.

Pandit Haraprasad Shastri would perhaps have been surprised to learn that many of the poems and songs collected by him are still extant in this Sandhyá country. The Sandhyá dialect has its own minor variations and its eastern form was the immediate precursor of Bengali proper.

Why Bengal failed of Aryanisation.

As I have said, Buddhism was *par excellence* the proselytising religion, and its Bengal missionaries, the Siddhácháryas, developed in a wonderful degree the art of translation-cum-exposition, through the vernacular, of the high truths which the orthodox Aryans preferred to veil in the language of their gods, —Sanskrit. This resulted in the spread of mass culture in a way and to a degree undreamt of by any modern civilisation.

One can easily understand how stimulated must have been the growth of a language, so used as a vehicle for the dissemination of the best culture of the times, by such towering pandits as Srîjñán Dipankar and Ratnákara Sánti, of Vikramsîlá University. And I am entirely at one with Pandit Haraprasad Shastri when he says that, even before the Mohamedan conquest, the Bengali language had already attained remarkable development, and that both Bengali literature and culture, the individuality as well as the distinction of the Bengali race, were established upon a Buddhistic foundation.

The Sahajia system of natural religion, a product of the reaction of Buddhism on the mind of Bengal, was subdivided into three sects, each pursing a path of its own to the self-realisation of Man, called respectively the *Avadhûti*, the *Chandáli*, and the *Dômbi* or *Bangáli*. Those who belonged to the last named were called *Bangális* which was thus originally the name of the followers of a particular cult of Buddhism and not of the inhabitant of a particular region. This was the cult mainly propagated by the Siddhácháryas and thus eventually gave its name to the people of the tracts which fell under their influence.

It is difficult, to-day, to estimate the vastness of that influence of the Siddhácháryas over the masses now known as Bengalis, but some idea of it may be gained by visiting any village fair, or religious festivity of the people, in any part of our province, and paying careful heed to the songs which are sung by the wandering *baüls* (*lit.* madcaps) who invariably congregate on such occasions. The philosophy of the worship of Man Wonderful will then be heard, rendered in its original dialect.

It was probably with the idea of combating this all-pervading Buddhist influence on the masses, that the dominant Aryan upper-classes used, from time to time, to make importations of pure Aryan blood from western India. And when most of the big *zamindaries* had been farmed out to these imported Brahmins, an artificial Aryan polish eventually came to be imposed on the Hindus of Bengal.

These pedigreed Brahmins from Aryávarta were, however, exclusive, stand-offish, supercilious. They kept their learning and their sacred rituals to themselves, fortified against alien inroads within the fastness of archaic Sanskrit; they entered into no intimacy of social relations with the people amongst whom they came to dwell, confining their religious ministrations to the King and upper-classes. That is why, on the one hand, these attempts at the Aryanisation of Bengal never went deep, but remained at most as a superficial veneer; and, on the other, the leadership of the masses remained in the hands of the Siddhácháryas, who had realised religion in their own lives and were also imbued with the democratic as well as proselytising spirit of their original race.

So recently as eighty, or even fifty, years ago, when the Buddhist influence had thus been driven underground, there were still to be found in many villages stray devotees, usually designated with some epithet signifying "mad", who, with their groups of disciples of all castes, kept up the Buddhist cults as they had taken shape in Bengal, under shelter of this self-adopted "madness." Bishu Págla of Santipur, Báma Khepá of Tarapur, Balá Hádi of Meherpur, are well-known examples. And, every now and then, up to perhaps the present time, the Buddhist culture, which is very much alive, though popularly supposed to

have been driven out of Hindu territory, pushes through the Aryan veneer on top, and crops up in unexpected, often unrecognised forms.

Bengal's reaction to Islam.

With the establishment of the Mahomedan invaders of India as children of its soil, further and larger syntheses, comprising both Hindu and Moslem ideals, were attempted all over India, as is evidenced by the cults founded by Nanak, Kabir, Dadu and others. The great Emperor Akbar himself promulgated a common religion, the Din-i-Ilahi, which, in my younger days, I have personally seen in living form amongst the Lalas and Khetris in the country to the west of Bengal.

But the manner in which such synthesis was shaping in Bengal itself, had a liberal and intimate character of its own. The *baüls,* who later on took up the propagation of the Sahajia cult, were originally the spiritual descendents of the Jaláli faqirs, so called after Jaláluddin, the first name of Akbar the Great. Many a Mahomedan faqir, of other denominations also, came to be accepted as *gurus* by Hindu sects. Even now pious Brahmins, while bathing, sing the praises of the Ganges in the words of Daráb Gázi, a Mahomedan poet. The hymns to *Shyáma* (the Dark goddess), by Janabáli Khan of East Bengal, were once as popular as those of Rámprasád himself. There is to-day a sect of Sufi Tantriks in Midnapur which counts its adherents by the thousand. Satyapir, the Mahomedan Saint, is still worshipped by the most orthodox of Hindu women, all over Bengal.

And I fully believe that if this process had not been disturbed and checked by the advent of the creed-bound Britisher, with his cast-iron habits of mind and methods of government, which for the first time crystallised Bengal Hinduism into a rigid orthodoxy, Hindu-Moslem unity, by now, would have been an accomplished fact in this Province.

What is more, from my reading of the Sûnya Purána, I strongly suspect that it was not a case of the invasion of Bengal by the Pathan at all, but that the Pathans were invited, or at all

events welcomed, into Bengal by the Buddhist masses, followers of the Siddhácháryas, who were then at the height of their influence, which ranged from Panchkot in the North-West, right down to Chittagong and Arracan in the South-East.

One of the results of this friendly intimacy of our people with the Pathans, was the wholesale conversion to Islam of a large part of East Bengal, and a further infusion of new blood into the Bengali race, by an intermingling of the two.

We find further evidences of this friendship between the Pathan and the original Bengali during the wars of Moghul and Pathan, when the flower of Bengal's manhood sacrificed themselves on the battle-field on the side of the Pathans, winning unstinted praise from their antagonists, the Moghal generals, for their bravery.

This transition from Pathan to Moghal domination was a great period,—which may be likened to the Augustan period,—in the history of Bengal. For, though on the one hand anarchy and license were doubtless rampant, on the other, rose Lord Chaitanya, Nityánanda, Krishnánanda Agamvágish, Raghunandan, Devîvara, who, as we have seen, brought about between them a coherent expansion of Hindu Bengal into one cultural unit, on a scale the vastness of which is beyond modern comprehension.

Now or Never!

As I have said, devotees of these various Buddhist cults are still to be found among the so-called lower classes, for the seeking; much of the ceremonial in vogue amongst the women of Bengal in their special religious observances, such as *vratas*, and in the women's part of the Hindu Marriage ceremony and other social rituals, retain unmistakeable traces of their other than Aryan origin; the village reciters and singers of the compositions of the original religious preachers have not as yet entirely died out.

Now is the time, or never, when those of us who would lay the foundation for a real and abiding patriotism, a true pride in the special distinctions of our wonderful Motherland, should bestir themselves to imaugurate a scientific study of the existing materials, already fast vanishing, before it is too late.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Bereft of the spirit of initiative, tired of impotent revolts, and deprived of legitimate ambitions, the Chinese and the Indian of to-day have come to prostrate themselves before the inevitable. Some among them find refuge in the memory of past grandeur, thus hardening the crust of tradition and exclusiveness; while the souls of others, wafted among etherial dreams, seek solace in an appeal to the unknown.

The Night of Asia which enshrouds them is not perhaps without its own subtle beauty. It reminds us of the deep, glorious nights we know so well in the East,—listless like wonder, serene like sadness, opalescent like love. One may listen to the secret cadence of nature beyond the border where sound bows to silence.

Japan, who proved herself equal to the task of repelling the Mongol invasion, found little difficulty in resisting that attempt at Western encroachment which, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, came in the form of the Shimabara revellion, instigated by the Jesuits. It has been our boast that no foreign conqueror ever polluted the soil of Japan, but these attepts at aggression from the outside hardened our insular prejudice into a desire for complete isolation from the rest of the world. For the space of nearly two and seventy years we were as one buried alive!

Yet worse, the Tokugawa Shoguns, who brought about this remarkable isolation of Japan, threw their invisible tyranny over all the nation. Said Kampici, the Chinese Machiavelli, in telling the secret of absolutism twenty-two centuries ago: "Amuse them, tire them not, let them not know." Iyeyasu, the first Tokugawa Shogun, a past master of craft, followed these injunctions but too faithfully. We were amused, we cared not for change, we did not seek to know.

From the highest to the lowest, all were entangled in a suble web of mutual espionage, and every element of individuality was crushed under the unbending weight of formalism. Deprived of all stimulus from without, and imprisoned within, our island realm groped amid a maze of tradition. Darkest over us lay the Night of Asia.

—**Okakura.**

HOW THE INDIAN PAGODA WENT EAST.

By KSHITISH-PRASAD CHATTOPADHYAY.

The manner in which Indian influence of old travelled into China and through China further East, present fascinating questions to those who are looking forward to a re-union of the cultures of all the East. And a study of the bordering regions such as Nepal and Tibet may well be expected to throw considerable light on the process of such interchange as undoubtedly took place along inland routes.

In the present sketch I offer a few notes from my study of the Newars of Nepal, which may serve to indicate some of the intricacies which have to be unravelled in the process of deciding which is the origin and which the recipient of the influence.

Take the case of the Pagoda type of architecture, to which I propose to confine myself on this occasion. Following perhaps the loose ideas prevalent in modern Anglo-India, due to the suggestion of Hamilton and others, it has come to be popularly supposed that the pagoda, which is such a distinctive feature of Far-Eastern landscape, is typical of architecture of Mongolian origin and therefore occurs in the frontier regions of India as an importation from the other side of the border. But, on a detailed consideration of the facts relating to the Newar race, the reverse is found to be the case.

The valley of Nepal proper is mainly inhabited by the Newars who form the most numerous group of the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Nepal. The Gurkhas, who are the dominant ruling people at the present time, entered Nepal in a body, only in recent times. The Newars are the earlier people, and to them are almost wholly confined metal working, agriculture, painting architecture, sculpture and the literature that Nepal possesses. The Gurkhas are merely the military conquerers, indifferent patrons of arts and letters, and include only a few artisan castes, or rather outcastes, among them.

The Newars are divided into—

(*i*) Bauddhamargis who worship Buddha, and

(*ii*) Sivamargis who worship Siva.

The latter may be termed Hindus. Formerly the vast majority of Newars were Buddhists, and a minority Sivamargis, but the former have been losing ground steadily for a long time in favour of the latter, who are now between a half and a third of the population.

The Sivamargis have an organisation similar to that of the Hindus of the plains, although of a much simpler character.

The highest caste is that of the Brahmans who are the spiritual guides of the upper castes. They are said to be descendants of Brahmans who had originally come from Kanauj.

Next in rank are the descendants of the former Hindu Newar Kings and their agnates who rank as Kshatriyas. The former warrior caste of Sresthas is also held to fall within this group, though it occupies a much lower position.

The third group, the Vaisyas, comprise two castes, the Joshi or astrologer, and the Achar or priests of local deities, presumably belonging to older cults adapted by Hinduism. They minister to Hinduised Newars, expound the Sastras, and perform other religious duties, acting in fact as some kind of Brahmans.

All these three groups are entitled to wear the thread, except some of the Srestha sub-castes. Some of these latter units, who serve as cooks and domestic servants, as well as other household menials, have been classified by one authority as Sudras.

Another caste, the Gwa or Manda Gaw, the cowherds are definitely Brahmanic Hindus and seem to have existed in Nepal for some centuries now, at least.

In addition to these, there are several castes of Newars who formerly belonged to the third order of Bauddhamargis described later, but are now more Hinduised than the other members of that group and separated from them to some extent.

These castes are : the Bhat, the Kou, the Nou, the Tati and the Katha. The Kou are merely blacksmiths, the Nou barbers, and the Katha dress wounds, and cut the umbilical cord at birth. The Tatis are not ordinary weavers but produce grave-clothes,

called *ponga,* a kind of cotton cloth, for shrouding the dead-bodies of the Newars, and also used in many religious ceremonies. The Bhats are also connected with funerals; they accept the death gifts made on the eleventh day after the funeral of Newars of any caste (but excluding outcastes).

The Bauddhamargis of Nepal are divided into three grades, of which the highest is that of the Bandyas, more commonly termed Banras. They are said to be the descendants of the Buddhist monks who were compelled to break their vow of celibacy and live as householders. They still live in the Viharas or convents, although with their wives and children.

The greater number of Bandyas, including even those who still minister to religious needs, follow secular occupations. All professions except foreign trade, and the work done by outcastes seem to be open to them. Their hereditary secular occupation is however that of gold and silversmiths, of which they have a monopoly in Nepal. So far as intermarriage and commensality is concerned, the different sections of Bandyas are on a footing of perfect equality. They do not however marry into or eat with any other group. The sole exception seems to be in the case of Brahmans. Only a Brahman lad can become a member of this group although not belonging to it by right of birth. He has to be adonpted by a Gubhaju (Buddhist priest) and initiated before marriage.

The next group of Bauddhamargis, it that of the Udas. They are the class of traders and foreign merchants of Nepal. They however follow other occupations also, as working in stone, wood or metal, and the do not constitute any bar to intermarriage or commensality. They can accept food from Banras, and also admit a man of this group to theirs, but the converse does not hold.

The third group includes the bulk of the people. The Jyapoos, who stand at its head, are mainly cultivators and constitute at least half the population of Nepal. Besides the agriculturists, the Jyapoos have several sections (not sub-castes) following different occupations, the most important of which is perhaps that of the Kumhals or potters. The other members of the third group follow carpentry, oil-pressing, and other occupations.

This group of Newars is, however, largely Hinduised and rapidly becoming more so.

In this connection it should be noted, that in Newar society, occupations are hereditary, and members of one craft are not supposed to encroach upon the technical duties and rights of another. Some professions however do not bring living wages; thus the Nalli whose traditional occupation is to paint the eye of an image at a certain religious festival, certainly cannot hope to live by that alone. They have to supplement their earnings from hereditary pursuits with something else. Such people can have recourse to any of the general professions, as cultivation, petty trade, tailoring, and porter's work which are not the special privilege of any section of the people.

The duties inherited must however be performed as laid down, although the exigencies of the case may have prevented a caste or section from devoting itself to that work alone. A peculiarity of these castes is that most of them have some function or other to perform at the various religious festivals. The castes and hereditary occupational sections are in fact religious organisations as much as secular ones.

All the above three groups of Bauddhamargis are pure to the Newar Hindus *i.e.* the latter can accept water from their hands for drinking purposes. The Banras were specially honored as they were held to be the peers of Brahmans. The Brahmanic Hindus who have come in with the Gurkhas however, seem to consider all Bauddhas as *anácharanîya* i.e. impure for accepting water etc.

Levi ascribes the beginnings of Newar civilisation to Indian influence. The light of religion, according to him, came undoubtedly through the Buddhist missionaries who discreetly adapted their creed to suit the ruder people of Nepal. Before however their labors had borne fruit, the forces of Brahmanism burst in and largely destroyed their work, forcibly converting some, and compelling the celibate monks to marry. Levi, however, suggests that the lapse of the monks from celibacy was due, not so much to the oppression of Brahmans, as to the decadence of Buddhism itself. His view is that the married clergy, still living in their ancient convents, did not find their traditional religious

calilng sufficient for the new needs brought about by family life, and had to adopt secular professions.

In this way the Bandyas were formed into a clearly defined social class, and the material condition of their existence, added to an imitation of Brahmans, quickly hardened class into caste. The religious aristocracy, which thus arose, regarded the ordinary layman as inferior, and the very natural unwillingness to share the privileges they possessed because of their former condition made the caste bounds more rigorous. Finally, the arts exercised in the convents, transmitted from father to son, attained a high degree of excellence, and as the knowledge was kept a secret in the monasteries, finally became monopolies.

On the other hand, the royal families of Nepal, the Lichchhavis (as well as Mallas) could scarcely obtain acceptance as true Kshatriyas without opposition. Their names were too well known in Buddhist annals and the tribes had been grouped by Manu among inferior castes as Vratya or fallen Kshatriyas. To wipe out this stain and take their rightful place among Kshatriyas, they followed the rules of caste with an excessive rigour, and thus led to the formation of a Kshatriya caste in Nepal, professing a mixed Bauddha and Brahmanic faith and thereby serving to unite the two religions.

Finally, the Brahmans who had brought the Saiva cult from India, had also introduced among their faithful, the regime of caste, modified it is true, by the needs of time and place. In this way were formed the two divisions in Nepal, one rigidly observing the laws of caste in the matter of marriage and commensality, the other hostile in principle to caste, but already modified by contact with the other. The religious and military aristocracies at their heads formed close parallels to those of the Hindus, and the power of example given by the superior classes, was effective in fostering the growth of caste among the lower orders of the people, through the force of imitation.

These considerations of social organisation, briefly sketched above, make it abundantly clear, apart from the authoritative opinion of Levi, that whether Hindu or Buddhist the culture of the Newars is distinctively Indian. The evidence from arts and crafts also supports this view.

The available facts in regard to metal work and carpentry, though not decisive, are of interest. The cleverest smiths in Tibet are the Newars who have gone there; while the Tibetans themselves are clumsy carpenters and jewellers. Moreover, formerly over a long period, the Nepalese were the architects of the temples, the sculptors of the Buddha statues and the ikon painters of Tibet, and there is no question that the Buddhist images, pictures and objects of art at present produced in Tibet are worthless compared to the art of former times. The fact that at the present moment the Tibetan lamas who follow these arts are far superior to the common craftsmen does not stand against this view, if it is remembered that Newar artisans were sent to the monasteries so far distant as the interior of Tartary to decorate the great Lamaseries.

The structure of the loom and the technique of weaving show that this art, also, did not come from the Tibetan side; the instruments for spinning likewise seem to have come from India.

The agricultural implements further support the view that the characteristic early culture of Nepal came from the Indian side. Although terracing and irrigation are employed in Tibet, the turning up of the soil is done not with the hoe, but by the Indian plough, drawn by a mixed breed of cattle obtained by crossing a male yak with a cow.

We now come to the suggestion that the style of building and architecture in Nepal is derived from China and Tibet. While the Chaityas follow the form of the earlier Buddhistic monuments of India, with some modifications, the characteristic examples of Nepalese temples are in a different style, unlike anything found in India proper, except in the far south, in the Kanara country. This is the so-called Pagoda style of architecture. The characteristics of these temples are that

(*i*) they are built in several stages, each smaller than the one beneath, with

(*ii*) sloping roofs and projecting eaves supported by inclined beams.

(*iii*) They generally rise, not directly from the ground but from a square terrace.

The lowest stage is the sanctuary and is covered almost

invariably with red tiles. The upper storeys are covered with gilded plates of copper. As has been mentioned, the strong resemblance of these temples to the pagodas of China and Japan, in the absence of similar edifices in India proper, has led Hamilton and others to suggest a Chinese origin.

Levi, however, maintains that these pagodas represent a style of Indian religious architecture which has disappeared in India proper. He suggests that although the buildings are recent, not earlier that the 15 century A.D., yet the architecture reproduces without doubt forms of immemorial antiquity, and hints that they might be directly evolved from the early wooden architecture of Indian which preceded and acted as the model of the most ancient stone monuments of the country.

To explain the resemblance of the Chinese pagodas and Japanese temples, Levi suggests that the parallels are due to Newar influence. He supports his hypothesis with the facts that :

(1) Newars have largely influenced art in China, and this is admitted in the annals.

(2) Newar artisans were widely employed in Tibet, Tartary and many parts of China and this continued up to modern times.

And he gives, in his book on Nepal, a very interesting account of the building of a golden pagoda in Tibet, by the Emperor of China, in 1260 A.D. The artisans employed were all obtained from Nepal, and worked under a Newar master-builder. This artist, Arniko name, later on went to the Chinese court and became the master-builder and statue-founder of the Empire.

Havell has arrived at the same conclusions from a study of early and mediaeval Indian architecture. He suggests that the pagoda style in Nepal is founded upon the *Asana* type of temple architecture in India. The names of the Indian styles are derived from the figure within, in this case seated in a *yoga* attitude. The simplest form of it is a plain cubical cell with a flat roof or dome. When the artists sought to give importance to the shrine by additional height, they simply raised the roof by putting cube upon cube like a pyramid, and crowned the topmost one with a dome.

This Indian style, Havell suggests, was modified in the Himalayan districts (and also in the West Coast) because of the heavy rainfall. Flat terraced roofs are very inconvenient and they were therefore adapted to the needs of the place, just as in Bengal the local form of thatched house roof and temple dome with convex curvature was adapted for the same purpose. Havell adds that this modified type of temple-building passed to China with the Buddhist religion.

It is interesting to note that all the secular edifices of the Newars as well as the characteristic religious temples are in this style. Also, in spite of Hamilton, the fact remains that the style appeared to Kirkpatrick to be strikingly similar to the "wooden mundups" of India. From the pictures given in the different books, it is clear that a one-storeyed building in the Newar style and a modern *mandap* or *átchálá* of India differ very little. The discussion of the ancient Indian forms of mandaps and dwelling houses by Havell strengthens this view.

The materials employed in the buildings of Nepal also point to their connection with India, and not with Tibet on the other side of the border. The Newar houses are generally of brick, the roofs always of tiles which, according to Purna-chandra Mukhopadhyay, of the Archæological Survey, are similar to the tiles dug out at Pataliputra. In Tibet, on the other hand, the houses are generally and necessarily made of stones held together with mud, the manufacture of bricks and tiles being out of the question there, owing to scarcity of fuel.

Whether the pagoda style followed the line of evolution suggested by Havell or not, the balance of evidence is in favour of an Indian origin (in the limited sense of earlier existence) of a prototype of the pagoda style. There has of course been interchange of ideas in this, as in other matters, between China and Nepal; but the architecture would seem to be essentially Indian.* Such a conclusion is in harmony with the hypothesis formulated from the other data that the main elements of the characteristic early culture of the Newars came from India.

Cf. paragraph on *Architecture* in Prof. Liang Chi Chao's article on "China's debt to India," published in this number.—*Ed.*

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

By Rabindranath Tagore.

The creature which lives its life, screened and sheltered in a dark cave, finds its safety in the very narrowness of its environment; and the economical providence of nature curtails and tones down its sensibilities to such limited necessity. But if those cave-walls are removed by some cataclysm, then either it must accept the doom of extinction, or carry on satisfactory negotiations with its wider surroundings.

The human races will never again be able to go back to their citadels of high-walled exclusiveness. They have been exposed to each other, physically and intellectually. The shells, which have so long given them full security within their individual enclosures, have been broken, and by no artificial process can they be mended again. So we have to accept this fact, even though we have not yet fully adapted our minds to this changed environment of publicity, even though through it we may have to run all the risks entailed by the wider expansion of life's freedom.

A large part of our tradition is our code of adjustment which deals with the circumstances special to ourselves. These traditions, no doubt, variegate the several racial personalities with their distinctive colours,—colours which have their poetry and also certain protective qualities suitable to each different environment. We may come to acquire a strong love for our own colourful race speciality, but if that gives us fitness only for a very narrow world then, at the slightest variation in our circumstances, we may have to pay for this love with our life itself.

In the animal world there are numerous instances of complete race-suicide overtaking those who fondly clung to some advantage which later on became a hindrance in an altered dispensation. In fact the superiority of man is proved by his adaptability to extreme

surprises of chance,—neither the torrid nor the frigid zone of his destiny offering him insuperable obstacles.

There are some kinds of mental peculiarity which tend to fall more under pathology than psychology, that is to say, which have no universal significance. Such peculiarities are inoffensive so so long as they keep to their own boundaries, but when carried outside, they either hurt those who possess them, or the others who are confronted by them, or perhaps ultimately both. For directly they come out of the environment of their origin they have to be judged by some universal standard of behaviour, by the moral standard which has the universal character of truth.

A man, with an abnormal appetite for acquisition, may be appreciated by his wife and other dear ones; but when this appetite of his is brought out in dealings with his neighbours, then the standard of conduct which is exclusively that of his own family circle will no longer serve. The religion, which makes it obligatory for a *thug* to strangle his fellow creatures must, for its true judgment, come under moral principles which do not peculiarly belong to his own community.

What I want to make clear is the fact that when, as in the present age, the human races have come out of their traditional reservation-fence into mutual contact, the reliance on a universal ethical standard is the only means which can save humanity from disruption into barbarism or death.

The late war which involved a vast number of peoples in its carnage and whose economic and moral consequence is even now troubling the atmosphere of a great part of the world, is merely an indication that in the hurry of the scientific progress of the West, which has made the human world physically almost one country, the cultivation of ethical ideals needful for this condition has been overlooked.

It has come as a great surprise on the races of man,—this sudden change from a life of comparative seclusion to that of mutual proximity, and will test to the full their moral adaptability. The peculiar qualities which gave special advantage to some of

them in former days may, in order to save those very people, have to give place to others of an opposite kind.

It is difficult for us to realise this, because the sunset clouds of the past, under their golden flourishes and blood-red magnificence, conceal approaching doom, and people are still talking in a language which hardly takes count of the impending night.

When we in Asia talk about re-adjustment in response to the world situation today, we forget that it should be directed to a future of new ideals and not to the mere shifting about of the methods of a past which is already declared nearly bankrupt. Therefore our dreams still bristle with the image of raised swords, darken with the vision of poison gas, glisten with gold streaks that are but the harbingers of death-dealing thunder-clouds.

Of course I know, from the point of view of prudence and practical politics, that a sudden and a complete change may not be possible, or may even be considered dangerous, and so the weapons of the past have yet to be used till they slip off our hands by the very absurdity of their anachronism. And is not their weight already proving too heavy, turning the living skin of man into an impervious sheath, his whole constitution into an iron safe? Is it not for the people the rigor of death itself,—this progressive stiffening of their muscles and hardening of their hearts?

In man, whose existence is not merely biological, the process of death first begins in his spiritual system and then it creeps into the other departments of his life. This has been the case with all the great civilisations that flourished for a period, and died when their spirit decayed. The continual dwindling in the proportion of food for our moral and spiritual nature has not troubled the political leaders of the present age, not even the scientific philosophers who are busy analysing the component parts of *what is*, and think it old-fashioned to bring into view a synthetic vision of *what should be*. The vastness of the race problem with which we are faced to-day will either compel us to train ourselves to moral fitness, in the place of merely external efficiency, or the complications arising out of it will fetter all our movements and drag us to our death.

When our necessity becomes urgently insistent, when the resources that have sustained us so long are exhausted, then our spirit puts forth all its force to discover some other source of sustenance, deeper and more permanent. This leads us from the exterior to the interior of our storehouse. When muscle does not fully serve us, we come to awaken intellect to ask for its help and are then surprised to find that is a greater source of strength for us than our physical power. When, in their turn, our intellectual gifts grow perverse, and only help to render our suicide gorgeous and exhaustive, our soul must seek an alliance with some power which is still deeper, yet further removed from the rude stupidity of muscle.

In the present age the human races have come close together. Their differences in language, tradition and degree of strength are so apparent, as to be a commonplace. Our first meeting has only recognised these differences, and in the place of geographical barriers it has thereupon set up the barriers of mutual misunderstanding.

Even the religious ministers, sent by the West to the East, whose profession it is to preach brotherly love, have in their sectarian pride and prudence, emphasised and exaggerated these differences more than any other body of men. They have produced the psychology which makes it comfortably easy for the military and the mercantile powers of their community to carry on their mission of depredation in alien countries helplessly open to their inroads.

This consciousness of difference has poisoned our literature, our history and philosophy and the eduation of our children,—it has invaded the frontier line of science where it touches sociology. The cultivation of intense race egotism is the one thing that has found its fullest scope at this meeting of men. In no period of human history has there been such an epidemic of moral perversity, such a universal churning up of jealousy, greed, hatred, and mutual suspicion. Every people, weak or strong, is constantly indulging in a violent dream of rendering itself thoroughly hurtful to others. In this galloping competition of

hurtfulness, on the slope of a bottomless pit, no nation dares to stop or slow down. A scarlet fever with a raging temperature has attacked the entire body of mankind, and political passion has taken the place of creative personality in all departments of life.

It is well-known that when greed has for its object material gain then it can have no end. It is like the chasing of the horizon by a lunatic. To go on in a competition of multiplying millions is a steeplechase of insensate futility, that has obstacles, but no goal. It has for its parallel the fight with material weapons, weapons which must perpetually be multiplied, opening up new vistas of destruction, and evoking new forms of insanity in the forging of frightfulness. Thus seems to have commenced the last fatal adventure of drunken Passion riding on an intellect of prodigious power.

When the condition of the world is so desperate, it will not in the least help if we in the East also join in this stampede towards a general annihilation. We must discover our salvation in some other power that has its basis upon sanity, and this power is moral. On its positive side it will work in the direction of unity, cultivating the spirit of sympathy and co-operation. On its negative side it will actively resist the aggression of evil by the moral weapon of complete ostracism, just as we exercise it in its physical form in the case of a fatal disease which is contagious. It will translate fight from its present depth of brutality to the moral altitude which belongs to the human. Through this, society will get rid of fighting as a definite profession.

The division between those who waste their life in cultivating the art of killing and those who labour to sustain them must be removed, and the full flow of humanity through our social organism must not be obstructed. That is to say, antagonism and reconciliation, acceptance and rejection, which taken together are the constant and natural features of life, must not be separated into technical departments, but, through moral tradition and training, be allowed to function over the whole of society. The development of intellectual and moral sympathy for one's fellow-

beings, the spirit of service and sacrifice, and the dauntless attitude of refusal towards evil of all kinds in the face of danger and death, must every where form the principal part of education.

Material force has its power in the physical blows it can inflict and therefore emulation goes on endlessly augmenting the means of dealing such blows. It can only come to a natural stop when man asserts the dignity of his spirit and says : "I am not afraid." In our weakness we maintain a material power which dominates us ; the power which is spiritual dwells in our strength, in our fearlessness, fortitude and spirit of sacrifice.

To-day, more than ever before in our history, the aid of this spiritual power is needed and therefore I believe its resources will surely be discovered in the hidden depth of our being. Pioneers will come to take up this adventure and suffer, and through suffering open out a path to that higher elevation of life in which lies our safety.

Let me, in reference to this, give an instance from the history of Ancient India.

There was a noble period in the early days of India when, to a band of dreamers, agriculture appeared as a great idea and not merely a useful fact. The heroic personality of Rámachandra, who espoused its cause, was sung in popular ballads, which in a later age forgot their original message and were crystallized into an epic merely extolling some domestic virtues of its hero. However, it is quite evident, from the legendary relics still embedded in the story, that a new age ushered in by the spread of agriculture came as a divine voice to those who could hear. It lifted up the primeval screen of the wilderness, brought the distant near, and broke down all barricades. Men who had formed separate and antagonistic groups in their sheltered seclusions, were called upon to form a united people.

In the Vedic verses, we find constant mention of conflicts between the original inhabitants of this land and the colonists. There we find the expression of a spirit that was of mutual distrust and a struggle in which was sought either wholesale slavery or

extermination for the opponents, in the spirit of animals who live in the narrow segregation imposed upon them by their limited imagination and imperfect sympathy. This spirit would have continued in all its ferocious vigour of savagery had men failed to find the opportunity for the discovery that man's highest truth was in the union of co-operation and love.

The progress of agriculture was the first external step which led to such a discovery. It not only made a settled life possible for a large number of men living in close proximity, but it claimed for its very purpose a life of peaceful co-operation. The mere fact of such a sudden change from a nomadic to an agricultural condition would not have benefited man, if he had not developed therewith, for the guidance of his conduct, some inner principle of truth. We can realise, from our reading of the Rámayana, the birth of idealism among a section of the Indian colonists of those days, before whose mind's eye was opened a vision of emancipation rich with the responsibility of a higher life. The epic represents in its ideal the change of the people's aspiration from the path of conquest to that of reconciliation.

In the present time, as I have said, the human world has been overtaken by another vast change similar to that which had occurred in the epic age of India. So long, men had been cultivating, almost with a religious fervour, that mentality which is the product of racial isolation; poets sang, in a loud pitch of bragging, of the exploits of their popular fighters; money-makers neither felt pity nor shame in the unscrupulous dexterity of their pocket-picking; and diplomats scattered lies in order to reap concessions from the devastated future of their victims. Suddenly the walls that separated the different races are seen to have given way, and we find ourselves standing face to face.

This is a great fact of epic significance. Man, suckled at the wolf's breast, sheltered in the brute's den, brought up in the prowling habit of depredation, suddenly discovers that he is Man, and that his true power lies in yielding up his brute power for the freedom of spirit.

There are a few great countries,—China is among them and also Japan,—that have found their civilisation from the soil of nature, the mother who taught them the lesson of life, the music of which, flowing in the blood of their children, revealed itself in a vast symphony of human relationship.

They have loved Mother Nature's rivers and hills, they have fed their eyes upon the blue of her sky and the tender green of her corn shoots, they have enjoyed the dance of the invisible rhythm in all the forms and colours with which she surrounds them; they have known that the subtle intricacies of human existence find their perfect unity in the harmony of interdependence, never in the vigorous exercise of elbows in the midst of a mutually pushing multitude, clamouring for a solitary peak of self-determination; they have never indulged in the arrogant assertion of independence which only belongs to the barren rocks and to the desert wastes grey with the pallor of death.

This spirit of interdependence is the spirit of meekness in life which gives it the unseen and inexhaustible strength to inherit the earth that we find in the green grass whose banners of conquest are humble and yet ever victorious. Therefore I would bring to you the cry of this New Age which is waiting to close the blood-stained pages of its past and to hear the epic that will voice its hope in a great song.

I am afraid, however, you will find it difficult to put faith in a poet's dream. I can guess how disappointed you must feel at not hearing anything from me of a practical nature. There is a proverb in Sanskrit that you must not expect fruits from a sugar cane. As a poet I can only have my vision. It may not be as useful as, say, your fishing rod, but it may produce the same effect as the spring breeze. Very often it is of more importance merely to attract your eyes towards the path rather than encumber your back with a ladder. That ladder appears so substantially practical that, in the joy of its possession, one often forgets to enquire if there is any height to be scaled.

I would only remind you that the new age has brought a new King, and only those who have the imagination to see the New Comer, and the loyal sympathy to receive Him in a proper manner, will find his own true place.

So long we have been serving our tribal idol. We have not yet awakened to the fact that the tribe has become a shadow, that its temple has come down to the dust, and that the idol lies shattered. It will be a piece of wasteful folly to imagine that we can still propitiate it with the blood of human victims and with food plundered from the famished.

The God of Humanity has arrived at the gates of the ruined temple of the tribe. Though He has not yet found His altar, I ask the men of simple faith, wherever they may be in the world, to bring their offering of sacrifice to Him, and to believe that it is far better to be wise and worshipful, than to be clever and supercilious; I ask them to claim their right of manhood to be friends of men, and not their right of a particular proud race who may boast of the fatal quality of being the rulers of men. We should know for certain that rulers will no longer be tolerated in the new world, as it basks in the open sunlight of mind and breathes life's free air.

In the geological age of the infant earth the demons of physical force had their full sway. The angry fire, the devouring flood, the fury of the storm, continually kicked the earth into frightful distortions. These titans have at last given way to the reign of life. Had there been spectators in those days, who were clever and practical, they would have wagered their last penny on these titans and would have waxed hilariously witty at the expense of the helpless living speck taking its stand in the arena of the wrestling giants. Only a dreamer could have then declared with unwavering conviction that those titans were doomed because of their very exaggeration, as are, to-day those formidable qualities which, in the parlance of school-boy science, are termed Nordic.

I ask you, once again, let us, the dreamers of the East and the West, keep our faith firm in the Life that creates and not in the Machine that constructs,—in the power that hides its force and blossoms in beauty, and not in the power that bares its arms and chuckles at its capacity to make itself obnoxious. Let us know that the Machine is good when it helps, but not so when it exploits life; that Science is great when it destroys evil, but not when the two enter into unholy alliance.

Before I conclude I ask your leave to say that I believe in the individuals in the West; for on no account can I afford to lose my faith in Man. They also dream, they love, they intensely feel pain and shame at the unholy rites of demon worship that tax the whole world for their supply of bleeding hearts. They cherish in their minds the creative faith that by its magic secretly fashions the images of a perfect expectation in the midst of the boisterous dissipations of unbelief.

In the life of these individuals will be wedded East and West; their lamps of sacrifice will burn through the stormy night along the great pilgrim tract of the future, when the names of the statesmen who tighten their noose round the necks of the foreign races will be derided and the triumphal tower of skulls heaped up in memory of war-lords will have crumbled into dust.

VISVA-BHARATI BULLETIN.

I.

Conversation between Rabindranath Tagore and Governor Yen, of Shansi, China.

(*Reported*).

G. I heard of your name many years ago, and was delighted when I knew that you were coming here to visit my province.

T. I was greatly honoured by your invitation and I shall always remember your kindness.

G. The teachers and students have been longing for you to come here.

T. I had heard much, from my friend Mr. E., about this province and I have been full of admiration for its administration, which I understand is so wise and helpful. I also heard by chance some thoughts that had been expressed by Your Excellency about our modern problems which seemed to me to be very suggestive, so that I was happy that this meeting could be arranged.

G. When Mr. E. came last year I had a talk with him about your institution and I admired very much what I heard about your work.

T. In these critical times, when the old order is giving way to the new, no standard of efficiency has yet been evolved. At a period when so much corruption is abroad, a Governor with farsighted wisdom, who is able to make his province an object lesson to all other provinces, is doing great work.

G. This is but the duty of any officer. I have no anxiety for results, I am only trying to do my best.

T. That is an ideal of the East, not to, look for results but to take up one's duty. The Gîtá expresses this thought when it says you have only your right in the doing of your work and not in its fruits.

G. I agree with what you have said about our two countries. Between India and China the best of relations existed long ago. At this time we need that these relations should be deeper and more profound than ever.

T. When I had my invitation to China, from my friends in Peking,

I was greatly delighted. I felt it was a great opportunity for me to renew this deeper spiritual relationship which was, as Your Excellency says, established long ago. Though I am old, and no longer strong, I accepted it with great joy. Already, from the results, I see that this acceptance was fortunate; and that possibly this visit may be fruitful for Asia, if India and China can join hands, not to further any political ambitions, but to build up a great civilisation of ideals.

G. I quite agree with you.

T. It is a sad thing that the times have changed. India, when she came to China, was at the zenith of her civilisation, in the fulness and plenitude of her power. Now our people have degenerated and that ancient stream of idealism no longer flows over Asia,—it has been driven deeply underground. It is the same in China. A disruption of life, a process of social destruction, has been going on; and what we should try to do is to work together for giving new hope and new strength to the people who have lost faith in ideals and who are merely repeating the habit of the past and not producing anything, nor adapting their thought to this new age. This is what has made us suffer so much. When society is living it can adapt itself to new conditions, but when it is dead it merely copies its own past and cannot build its future. This has happened both to India and China and this is what we must change.

G. I quite agree that degeneration is going on, and I am sure that the fault of this degeneracy lies in our own selves. We have permitted it, and it is for us to rebuild.

T. Wisdom in the East has demanded that the living soul of man should dwell in the whole of society, that society should be dominated throughout by some living spiritual ideal and not that one part of society should have all the power in its keep. This power should be evenly distributed among the people. Our social system depended upon mutual obligation, upon ethical ideals accepted by all the people. In the West political life is concentrated in a particular group of men or in some machine, and its obligations are borne by some special group. For this reason the moment that the political life is threatened the whole life is threatened. In the East whilst the military and the ambitious men fought their battles the people as a whole remained unmolested and therefore their civilisation survived for centuries and is still living. The time has come to renew the life of the people, who must learn to look after their own affairs. There must be a living adjustment and a new current of vitality,—a new stream of ideals must

supply the people with a living purpose. This cannot be done by organisation, by some mere machine that can be put into the hands of some single individual, as in the West.

G. You have not said yet what method must be employed to rebuild the whole of civilisation, or to do away with this Western idea of organisation.

T. I do not want merely to indicate the ideal, in words. We have started this work in our own neighbourhood in India,—the reconstruction of village life. Our people had come to a point where they were merely carrying on their life in a feeble manner, anyhow. They had lost their zest in life since toil was heaped upon toil whilst the fruits went to others who were cleverer. It is our idea to strengthen their life, to stimulate their intelligence, and to bring some joy into their existence. The people of the country will only live when their life represents the best ideals of the country, when it is full with music, and dance, with drama and ceremony, with festival and poetry. There can be no real civilisation when the best ideals are concentrated in the hands of a few powerful men, whilst the bulk of the population has neither the leisure nor the mind to enjoy, and remains desolate. In order to overcome this weakness we have been trying to get the villagers to realise that their destiny rests in their own hands, that they must be able to think and to act and to gather around them those who will not look down upon them as inferiors but who will regard them as kin.

G. I agree with what you have said about the ideals of the East, and I give you one instance. The West honours inventors simply because of their capacity to invent, even though that invention may be purely for their own profit. In China only those inventors, and we have many instances of this, were admired who produced some good thing for society and not merely for their own advantage or for unsocial purposes.

T. This has been true of all great men both in India and China. In their creative work they have devoted their energies to the whole people because they regarded their special gift as a responsibility which must be dedicated to the public good. They never thought to trade on this gift from God for their own self aggrandisement.

G. This is specially true in the realm of Agriculture. All over China we have built temples to Agriculture, and therefore it became the habit to admire any invention which could be made use of by all the people. I often

have occasion to correct my friends on this point, when they express their admiration for some man for his method of inventing or for the way he has succeeded in making money out of his invention and a name for himself.

In regard to the reform of the village I entirely agree with you. I feel very profoundly on this matter because the methods which you are using are exactly those which I myself have been trying to put into practice. Man was born to be happy and if anything stands in his way it is the duty of the Government or other political power to try and prevent anyone from interfering with a man's developing his own individuality and habits. The family is our unit, and if the family is happy then all are happy. It is the duty of the Government to remove all barriers that prevent the achievement of happiness. We have an old Chinese saying that it is for the plant to study how to die,—that is how to develope its fruit, how to ripen it. This is best assisted by leaving the plant alone, then the fruit, having ripened, will duly drop off. The same is true for man. If he is left free and undisturbed, if he is physically and mentally alert, and if there is nothing to disturb the growth within him of a refined spirit, then alone will he come to perfection. The Government is not responsible for bringing about this result, but it is the duty of the Government to do all that is possible to remove physical and moral disturbances so that such growth may not be impeded.

T. I also believe it to be the duty of Government to enable people to remove their own obstacles and not to remove the obstacles for them. By removing opportunity for the use of initiative, the people are left truly helpless. We should give strength to the people but never take upon us the work which should be theirs, by keeping all power and responsibility in our own hands. A wise government will not exercise its power, but will allow that power to grow out of the mind and capacity of the people. I was glad when in China I found how little it has been the custom for the Government to interfere with the life of the people. This non-interference is best because it allows a natural wisdom to develop. Interference is too often only another form of that obstruction which is negative, and which prevents the spirit of man finding its full expression. Let all sages and great men, all well-wishers of the people, help the people to discover their own inner light within them and never offer them that light from outside.

G. I entirely agree with you that each individual should be free to develop his own ideals. But the difficulty here is that the condition of the people is quite different from what it used to be. There was a time when

the strong, the clever and the rich wanted to benefit others; now they only want to interfere with the benefit of others. The rich man wants to take advantage of everybody else. We must find some means of preventing injustice being done to the people, and this responsibility must rest upon the Government.

T. Government may at any time be either good or bad. We cannot depend upon its uniformity of goodness, and though, you, as Governor, may have every good intention, and may want to help your people, your successor may upset everything and introduce chaos. If the people are solely dependant upon the sympathy or help of some person who temporarily holds sway, then their situation is precarious. If, before you retire, you can somehow infuse power into their own hands, if you can distribute it and let them realise that it is for them to help themselves, then when you are no longer with them they may stand upon their own legs. Then your work may continue, even through the people themselves. If you once begin to depend upon organisation or machinery, it will always be captured by men of ambition and will be used by self-seekers for their own ends There are but few men of your type who may be trusted to use the machinery for the benefit of the people.

G. It is for the Government to do justice to the people, but with regard to Shansi, I agree that political power is not the force which is capable of doing justice. Nor is any other power able to deliver justice unless there is justice among the people themselves. Everything depends upon the individuality of the people. Justice is after all the duty of everybody, and the people must have this sense of justice among themselves.

T. I have come, Your Excellency, to propose to you some way of blending our ideals so that some great civilisation may again be the outcome of this meeting of the ideals of India with those of China. The inspiration that is aroused out of the union of our hearts is even now working in the depth of our being, and though we are lacking in so many respects in India yet we also can combine with you in giving this ideal a practical shape.

Unless the whole people is happy no individual can have true happiness. Unless all are wealthy no man, however rich, can have real wealth. The Sun does common service for us all. If however in the night only my lamp is lit and the rest of the world is dark, that lamp has no real illumination for me. This ideal is waiting for our acceptance. The multi-millionaire possesses power in his own hands and raises his tower

of strength at the expense of the world. But I want to give the people the responsibility for their own destiny, so that through their self-respect they may help themselves. In this let us work together. I have been asking Mr. E. to come with some members of his staff to take up some such work in China, just as I hope the day will come when you will send men to help us. I feel that India did once send of her best to China, and once more she must come both to learn and to give. I shall ask your co-operation in return. There must be some practical work in which we should be able to help you, and you us, so that literally we may join hands.

G. Is there anything that I can do?

T. I have already occupied too much of your time to talk over details with Your Excellency. I ask you to discuss these with Mr. E. I shall only be too glad if you can do everything possible to help him in his work of discovering how the villages may really be helped to regain that richness of life which they once possessed.

G. This was my own idea. The present material civilisation has developed greatly, and if once again our moral civilisation could gain control of the material it would be so much the better for all of us. These two aspects of our life must travel along together in harmony and must not be arrayed against one another.

T. True. I quite agree. If there is no moral basis, mere material foundations cannot maintain prosperity for long. Like the tree on thin soil, we shall die of exhaustion. On the other hands moral civilisation cannot be good and final in itself, it can only be healthy when it makes it possible for material civilisation to attain its highest purpose.

G. I welcome your ideal and shall hope in return to send to you some men from this province. I hope that you will be able to extend your work in India and that I may assist it in China.

T. I depart then with the hope that you will make it possible for us to help in this work, the work of building up the life of the soil, and through this spirit of mutual sympathy and co-operation help us to exchange friends and students. It will be a beautiful sight when Indians come to your Chinese villages and Chinese come to our Indian villages, not in order that they may get rich, but to work together as brothers. It is a great work to produce life together, to come down from our conventional altitude to the soil, not to acquire there learning or science but to find inspiration, to unite in helping to produce the material and spiritual necessities of life. Let it be known that it is only through the amelioration of the lot of all individuals in all countries,

that real progress can come. Please accept this ideal not merely for your own people in this particular province but as a service to humanity. People who remain in darkness are being exploited and this is becoming a problem for which the whole world is responsible. So long as men are willing to suck the life of humanity to swell up their own wealth and power, humanity will go down to its extermination. Together we must work against this. Can we not as friends work together in memory of our great friendship of the past. I feel drawn to your people and if in any way I can be of help to them I shall be only too glad.

II

Rabindranath's Answers to Questions by the Students of Tsing Hua College.

(*Reported*).

Q. What is your conception of God?

A. Our conception of God is different from that of the Christians. It is both immanent and transcendant. The New Testament idea, that of Christ, has little in common with that of the Jew, for whom God was both jealous and exclusive. But Christ's idea has something in common with the idea of the East and of India, the idea of God as related to human beings, in bonds of love, as Father, Friend and Lover. His meaning was that God was related to us in a spiritual relationship of love and this spiritual relationship you may look on as that of a father to his children, or of friend to friend, or of lover to lover. But this is immaterial The important idea is, that human beings are related to an Infinite Person, that they are not like so much drift-wood, that they have a personal root in an Infinte Personality, which we name God.

But you ask further: "How do you know there is a God?"

This is a difficult question. Let me answer according to my own light. This physical world you know because you have eyesight, you can recognise light because you have appropriate sense organs. Thereby your physical organism is in intimate relation with something big and permanent,—this world. If your physical organism had no such background it would be a bubble, a nothing. Your very blood too has elements in common with the streams and rivers. It is the same with all the particles of your body,—cells,

atoms and molecules. You know therefore that the realisation of your physical organism depends upon the realisation of this great physical world

But is the physical body the most important part of your self? Is it not a fact that your body itself gives expression to a personality in the centre of your life? My personality finds expression in my body; my eyes, for instance give expression to that personality. If then you have no doubt as to the reality of your physical body because it is related to some wider eternal reality, this physical world, and if you have a personality which you recognise to be more real than your physical organism, do you mean to say that this personality is a bubble, a *maya*, an illusion, that it has no significance?

Your eyes grope for light in a dark room. You are miserable because you cannot see. So our personality seeks its own fulfilment, its reality, where it can have its freedom,—seeks it in other personalities, in friends. This personality not only seeks other human personalities, but it is always changing. Our friends may become enemies. There is death. So my personality needs the assurance of reality just as much as my body does. That is why it craves the touch of some Infinite Personality. To this infinite personality I give the name God.

Q. What is this relation of God to Man?

A. As my physical body has its physical relationship, so my personality has its personal relationship. You have to breath air, you are standing upon the floor. These things we have in common. But our personality has qualities which are different, which are not physical qualities. It finds its highest joy in the life of love, in father, in friend, in wife, in other human beings. It seeks reality in union with other personalities, and when it realises perfect unity then it is glad.

In this unity our personality finds truth. And, in order that its craving for such truth may be satisfied, there must be a foundation of unity somewhere in which we can find permanent shelter, and be happy. Argument does not help us here, but men in this world have procured direct evidence of God in their own personality; they have received, in what they call the soul, the infinite touch of an infinte personality. Supposing you are blind and I have eyesight and I describe light to you, but you do not believe in it. You will say it is all a hallucination. You may even say that only the blind are wise because they do not see. Maybe from the point of view of the blind you will be right. In the same way, all the evidence from men of spiritual vision, goes to shew that in the centre of our

existence is this infinite personality, and because our own personality is related to this infinite personality in a bond of love which is not merely physical, so man is related to God.

Q. Is it then a privilege to live?

A. I have enjoyed human relationships, I have enjoyed the sunrise. Poverty and Disease there are; they come and they disappear, but no one can take away from you light and beauty. If you had to buy sunlight in the market place you would have gone destitute to get it. We are the guests of a great King who is lavish in his hospitality. Enjoy it therefore if you have the power to enjoy. You are a miserable creature if you have not, and can only spend all your time preparing for examinations.

Q. What then is Sin?

A. Sin according to our Indian idea, has never been the breaking of a commandment, or of a law, or of some criminal code, which can be punished by king, or government. We say that the end of human life is to find emancipation from self, in order to realise communion with God, with the Infinite Soul. Such communication is possible through the realisation in love of our own soul through all souls.

Buddhism has its two aspects. On the one side, emancipation from the grip of self. This is negative. The positive aspect is in love of the Infinite, love of all creatures, because through that you gain truth. Obstruction lies in the imprisonment of life, of the soul. When we break through the prison wall of self we find freedom to communicate, to come into touch with this infinite being.

Sin is that which obstructs us in gaining our ultimate end the realisation of the supremacy of truth through love. Passion, hatred and desire are great hindrances, for they accentuate the life of self. But the one great faculty of the soul is sympathy or love, which transcends the boundaries of self. Through love you come into intimate touch with others. Through love you enter the All. Therefore love is the one medium which gives you access to the great unity of soul; so that all passions which prevent the pursuit of this love, this sympathy, are sins. Through killing a man for instance, this truth of unity is clouded. In India we have similarly included the killing of animals and have advocated "**ahimsá,**" or "non-killing". If you deliberately kill an animal for selfish purposes it is a sin, as it is a sin, for the sake of mere sport, to shoot a bird. What about shooting a tiger?—you will ask. Though I am almost a Buddhist I draw the line there. To save other lives I would be willing to kill a tiger, for I

should be killing the spirit of violence which is objective in the tiger, and which would be subjective in my passion. Love is the goal, freedom is the means. That which keeps us in the prison-house of self, in our own separateness, is sin.

III.

Oriental Studies in Italy.

(Extract from an article by Prof. G. Tucci).

Translated by Sm. Felicita Chaudhuri.

It is not difficult to explain how it is that the Orientals throughout have till now almost completely ignored us, especially when one thinks of the small headway made by the Italian language in the Orient. Consequently it came as a real revelation to us when some of the best young intellects of modern India,—for example: Dr. Kalidas Nag, already favourably known in the intellectual circles of Europe for his admirable endeavours to enligten us Occidentals about the essential and characteristic aspect of contemporary Indian thought; Suniti Kumar Chatterji, professor of Philology at the University of Calcutta, who combines with the severe learning of the man of science the geniality of the artist; Dr. Vaidya professor of Sanskrit and Pali in the Sangli College of Poona, from whom we have now got a very good study of *Madhyamika*,—have all come to Europe with the aim of perfecting themselves in the method of scientific reserch and of taking the doctor's degree in France or Germany. On their way back home, they stayed amongst us in Italy, and by personally approaching our Oriental scholars they have been able to convince themselves that our scientific contributions, if few in number, are of an indisputable value, and that the interest which their country and their literature arouse amongst us is perhaps much more sincere than that of our colleagues on the other side of the Alps.

So favourable has been the impression received by these Indian scholars, that none of them have gone back to their country without some volume or work of Suali, or Formichi, or Pavolini, or some reference noted from the Journal of the Italian Asiatic Society or from the Bulletin of Oriental

studies. It will be really due to them if in the intellectual circles of India they continue, as I trust they will, to remember Italy, and not only to appreciate the little we have done in the domain of Oriental studies, but also to feel some interest in our literature and our language, which were not unknown, after all, to the great Rammohun Roy. It is not only these scholars that are at least able to read Italian, for recently I have had the rare pleasure of being asked to send Italian books to India. The knowledge of our language is beginning also to be diffused in their literary and artistic circles: Pramatha Chaudhuri, for instance, critic and essayist, one of the more open-minded men of Bengal, in a recent letter to me, after paying a tribute of high praise to Italian culture, in reply to my advice to translate Leopardi into Bengali, writes:

> I know Italian just enough to read prose, but I have to perspire with your poetry in order to enjoy it. For instance, D'Annunzio in his poetry is an author difficult for me, while his prose comes to me quite easily. I know Leopardi and I think you are right in holding that in form and substance he approaches our poets more than any other modern writer of Europe; but he differs greatly from them as well There is a serenity in all Indian pessimism that we cannot find amongst your poets and philosophers of pessimistic tendencies. Can you imagine an Indian philosopher writing in the same way as Nietzsche? Sanskrit literature is without warmth, and is too disciplined to be able to burst out in a lyric cry. The spirit of the Dharma-shastra seems to control her. The poetic genius of Leopardi, in my opinion, was too great to be able to be restrained by his philosophy.

This judgment demonstrates that the person who writes it has a sufficient knowledge of our literature and our authors while, on the other hand, perhaps none of us has such a knowledge of contemporary Bengali literature, although the names of Bankim Chandra, Tagore, Sarat Chatterjee have attracted the admiring attention of intellectuals throughout the whole world.

I feel almost sure, that this preliminary interest roused in India, concerning Italian literature and science, will be the first step to much more frequent and intimate relations and fruitful interchanges between the two countries, which have got perhaps many more points of contact than is apparent to a superficial observer; and then it will be a noble solace and matter of pride to the neglected cultivators of these studies, which are wrongly considered foreign and regarded with indifference, to have made known our country for the first time to a people who, through an admirable efflorescence of thought, are rapidly approaching the full maturity of their destiny. I believe that if this work of sympathetic approach, that has been initiated to-day amongst a small section of specialists, whose common

study urges them to keep in frequent touch with one another, could be continued and widened, then the day will not be far distant when we shall also see plenty of Indian students in our Universities, such as are found in the educational institutions of America, England, France and Germany.

After all there are subjects which perhaps in no other country can be studied better than in Italy,—law, history of art, archaeology, philosophy, —all studies which Orientals seem to cultivate particularly. The sources of jurisprudence are to be found amongst us, and our museums, our galleries, our cities, offer surroundings so exquisitely suitable for the formation of an artistic education, as perhaps no other country can do. While, from our archaeologists, Oriental students could learn not only to understand more closely the classical world that, from the age of Alexander, made its influence felt even over India, and during the Roman Empire exchanged messages with China; but they could moreover be trained in that severe method of research, that technique of excavation, and that ability to find in literary sources the most minute sign, which enables one to solve defficult questions of ancient topography or to discover archaeological treasures.

The Orient is very much in need of good archaeologists. Buddhistic India,—the India of the Chinese pilgrims, Fa-Hien, Huen-Tsang, I-Tsin, who have left us their detailed and perfect narratives of voyages,—is still waiting to be excavated. Mysterious China, whose soil hides artistic and historic treasures of inestimable value,—the tortoise-shell used for divinatory purposes and countersigned by ancient dynastic names, which the critic was inclined till a short time ago not to regard as authentic; or the tombs of the Han age,—which testify that this soil is nearly virgin still. The Siberian steppes, which if explored could perhaps open new chapters in Asiatic history, are untouched. It is true that the Japanese people have begun to send into China and into north Asia archaeological missions, but it is quite certain that, for the exploration especially of a prehistoric land, nothing is better than some six months' attendance in the classes held by the professors in our museums, and a course of practical assistance in some of our expeditions of excavation.

After all, it is nearly time to consider Oriental studies in another light. Sanskrit may have lost in the eyes of philologist the importance it used to have fifty years ago; it is no longer considered as a primitive language, but only as a dialect, notwithstanding that it is perhaps more than others akin to the Indo-European languages, which theory comparative grammer tries to revive. Though allied to many elements undoubtedly ancient, it

contains many others altogether recent. But this does not imply that Sanskrit has lost its importance altogether. In the place of an interest purely scientific, and in a way abstract, there is rather a substitution of another much more vital and immediate. In Sanskrit has been written the best of India's thoughts,—her immense literature on which stands the foundation of her modern culture, and which as it reveals to us the tormenting spiritual process, explains her soul, her aspirations, her tendencies, and the various aspects of her present civilisation, that to many seem so mysterious and so full of secrets. The world has in a way become smaller; the distance which separates us from Calcutta, from Pekin and from Tokio have become absurdly small. The Extreme Orient is no more so far out of the orbit of our usual route as to permit us to neglect it, as we did half a century ago.

So I think that it would be wise to inject new life into Oriental studies, considering them not only as a group of subjects for learned research, but also as efficaous means to diffuse amongst ourselves a more general knowledge of the modern Asiatic civilisations. In order to do that, we must not confine ourselves to the study of ancient languages or to the Oriental classical literature, but interpret and spread also that of the modern literature and the literary dialects of the East. The moment has perhaps not yet arrived to establish amongst us a Tibetan chair as there is in France, in Germany and in England, but I do not see why we could not establish in Italy, and especially in Rome near the Oriental school, which is perhaps one of the best in Europe for Semitic studies, an official chair for the literary dialects of modern India, or for Japanese. But will this be understood in a country like ours, where they do not want to acknowledge even the real importance of the study of European languages, which have only a secondary place in our University?

Yet, there is already a tendency to bring together Orient and Occident, and as it happens, it is the Orientals that are coming to meet us first. It is a collaboration that they propose to us with their most representative men, first amongst whom deserves to be mentioned Rabindranath Tagore. Just with this object he has now founded a new movement, the Visva-bharati, which as is mentioned in its programme, proposes to spread the knowledge and effect the association of the Asiatic and European civilisations, with the purpose of bringing one day to the light a work which will be fruitful of the good of all humanity. I would wish that this desire could also be ours, in order that our activity, besides cultivating purely technical

and scientific research, should help to cement fraternal union and a sympathetic mutual understanding between the old Occident and the Orient, doubtless more old historically, but perhaps also more healthy and young in spirit.

IV.

Address to Rabindranath on behalf of the Jewish Community in China.

(In the house of Mr. Kadoorie.)

I find myself to-night in the presence of a distinguished assembly of men and women who have gathered to honour one who is the light of Asia, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

I desire here to express my sense of deep appreciation and gratitude to our dear host for having given me the opportunity, perhaps the only one in my life, of welcoming such a distinguished guest. Dr. Tagore is a man of rare nobility of soul, a man who has climbed to heaven and wrested for us some glimpse of visions which are a delight and a feast to the eye. He is indeed the king of Oriental Poetry.

Our Sages of the Talmud have enjoined upon us to beware of praising individuals in their presence, for they have seen deep into the soul of human nature and knew the pain it would cause the really great, to have their eulogies sung before them. My feelings, however, are too strong to be entirely curbed even by such advice.

I hope you will excuse my telling you here of how I first came to know of the poetry of our famous guest. Some years ago I wrote and published a book of verse entitled "The Wedding of Death". In this book I tried to bring to the mind a vision showing that fear of death should be overcome and that death was only the birth of another life.

One of the critics of my book stated that he found some resemblance between it and the works of Dr. Tagore. This immediately aroused my great interest and it was in this way that I discovered a field of poetry, that was indeed a revelation to me. Thanks to Dr. Tagore, an inspired vision of a new world was put before my eyes.

With your permission I will refer to three points to-night.

The first, is the atmosphere created by Dr. Tagore's Poetry—the second, the influence of his poetry on the present generation of the Jews, and

the third of his message to Oriental Nations to retain their old culture and civilisation, again with special reference to the renaissance of Judaism in Palestine.

To my mind I find his poetical works based on the purity, beauty and sanctity of life.

It is sufficient to feel his delicate touch to bring one into a world filled with purity, beauty and sanctity.

To read his Gitanjali is to have the universe transformed in one's eyes into the temple of God.

His conception of the Deity is not confined to a personal or national God, but to the universal God, who is to be found everywhere and in everything.

We are mere instruments in the hand of our Creator who sounds on us the melodies of life, of death, of joy and of sorrow.

To read of Dr. Tagore's poetry is sufficient to fill one's heart with a great love for all forms of life.

To read of his songs in the morning will enable you to meet the evening with purity of thought and peace of soul.

The greatness of Tagore is not due to the heights of beauty which dwell in him, or to the sweetness of the music and rhythm contained in his songs. It is due to the holy atmosphere which you find throughout his verses. In these you will find not only an æsthetic joy, but also a nobility of outlook on life. You will find yourself in the presence of a modern Psalmist who draws the same spiritual music as David drew when he played upon the harp.

I felt this resemblance to the Psalms especially when I read Tagore's Gitanjali which was translated into Hebrew by the famous David Frishman. I feel that in translating this book from Bengali to Hebrew, that is, from one oriental language to another, it has retained the soul that was in the original work.

It is no uncommon sight to see many of our Hebrew pioneers in Palestine who break stones in the streets, drain the marshes, build bridges and construct houses during the day, retire after sunset, and read either of our poet Bialik, or of the songs of Tagore.

His work has brought home to many the gems to be found in the Literature of the Orient; and has returned to many, the thoughts and ideas that have been lost to them through long contact with foreign civilisations.

One moonlight night while walking on the hills in Jerusalem a great

Hebrew writer said to me "I wonder if you have realized how near Tagore's poetry is to ours and how justified is his call to return to the mentality as expressed by our prophets of old. Is not the poetry of Bialic and the theory of Aham H'Am a call to the young generation of Israel to return to the spirit of old, and is not this the aim of Zionism?"

In speaking of this, my third point, I am encouraged by having read an article in Dr. Tagore's Review stating his sympathy with this cause. It is a fallacy to suppose that Zionism is based upon materialism and not idealism. The aims of Zionism are twofold, namely, the return to Jewish culture, and a Jewish land.

Herzl, the creator of modern Zionism said at the first Zionist Congress that the return to Zion must be preceded by a return to Judaism. That is the tragedy of our generation. Our weakness manifests itself when we disregard our own vineyard.

As Bialik has said:

I look forward to Palestine, because there, in sacred labor, we shall find unity. the land is still poor, and many and heavy must be the sacrifices that are needed to develop it. But "better is a piece of dry bread eaten in peace than plenty in a house which is filled with quarreling." Till now we have worked here in exile, and our work—I may say it without boasting—has been fruitful. But still more fruitful must be the work which we shall now begin in Palestine.

It is characteristic of the Jewish spirit that Dr. Weizmann, the great Jewish statesman, has laid the foundation of the Hebrew University, a spiritual centre for Judaism. He tells of his ideals in the following words uttered in a speech in New York:

Even on this day we are still looking for miracles, but reality is infinitely more miraculous than legendary miracles. This modest little University of which the foundation stone was laid in 1918, to the sound of guns, within ten miles of the front, this little University is being erected on Mount Scopus, one of the hills which overlook Jerusalem. On this very mountain, thousands of years ago, stood the tent of Titus, and before that tent were led the prisoners out of Jerusalem into captivity. Over this very hill on which to-day stand the first institutes of the future University, passed our judges, our kings, our prophets, our young children and our young soldiers—into captivity and oblivion. Great Rome had proclaimed *"Judaea capta,* Judaea is finished," and the mighty Roman state swept over little Judaea. Of Titus nothing is left but a marble arch which is the admiration of tourists in Rome, but **Judaea Capta** lives again, and from this very hill a new siege will be directed against Jerusalem, not with guns and not with stones and not Roman legions but with science and with art and with social justice: **Ki beti bet tefila yikore l'chol ha-amim.** And that is a miracle which should inspire not only those who build the University but all those who contribute toward this building. It will be a source of pride and strength and encouragement to you, to your children and to your children's children until the end of all time.

The Talmud says that Israel did not aspire to be freed and come back to their own country in order to dominate others, but in order to find a haven of refuge to develop their spiritual life without let or hindrance. In fact, our aspirations to return to Palestine are in order to accomplish there that which we are unable to do here. We wish to revive our language, our country, our institutions, our schools, our agriculture, our Jewish soul and prophetic ideals.

We hope to be able to demonstrate before the world what a Jewish liberated nation can do in its own home. As Dr. Weizmann has said, the song of Psalms will be heard from Dan to Beersheba, not only in Palestine but everywhere.

I wish to emphasize the fact that our Nationalism does not mean that we desire to establish barriers between ourselves and other nations. Far from it. Our desire is to bridge the gulf which has been created through an abnormal life. In a renewed and liberated Eretz Yisrael, where the selfish barriers between man and man no longer exist, we hope to realize the ideals of the Prophets of Israel, which are the ideals of our Modern Jewish poets and thinkers, and also those of our eminent guest, Dr. Tagore.

V.

The Message of an Indian.

By D. J. Irani.

(*Translation of an Article in the* Giornale d'Italia).

I am proud of my India of to-day. I am proud because of the two supermen we possess, each with a distinct message not only for our country, but for the world, for humanity at large. The one is Mahatma Gandhi, the apostle of non-violence; and the other is the Poet Tagore, the apostle who wants the nations of the East and the West to study their mutual cultures, and by the mutual understanding and good will, proceeding from this intellectual contact, to strengthen more surely the bonds of international friendship and amity.

World-peace and human brotherhood can be the only ideals towards which the coming civilisation can rightly move. But these are mere catch phrases at present, and by themselves will prove useless to humanity in

the future,—as the teachings of the great Prince of Peace, have proved to the nations professing His religion.

Imagine, my friends, what we Orientals can think about you, nations of the West! Christ died on the cross, with the message of love on his lips; and the Christian nations, after they have had nearly two thousand years to assimilate His teachings of love and peace, run at each other's throats like a pack of wolves. And lo! when hundreds of thousands are killed or maimed in battle, and millions are widowed and orphaned, bells are rung in the churches, by whichever side claims temporary victory, to proclaim this horrible fact!

None can deny that this has been the result of narrow nationalism. Patriotism is undoubtedly a virtue, but within its proper limits; every virtue carried to excess is a vice. And the West to-day is sick and ailing, because all its nations have for their motto "my country, right or wrong", because all of them believe that Might is Right.

For this universal ailment, India is offering to the world, as it were, two physicians, Tagore and Gandhi. They do not claim to come with any new message. They interpret, once again to all, the spirit of the ancient scriptures of the East. To us, Truth and Right, the **Asha** of the Zorastrians, and the **Rita** of the Upanishads, stand above the wants and interests of community or country.

And I am an optimist. The coming world **will** yearn and work for world-peace and human brotherhood. And what better armaments can it then have than the creed of non-violence of Mahatma Gandhi? What better means can it have, for the fostering of mutual respect and understanding amongst its members of different races and religious, than the opportunity to meet intellectually and study the cultures of each other, assimilate what is best in all, and then lay the foundation of an intellectual league of nations? That is the ideal of Visva-bharati, Poet Tagore's International University, at Santiniketan, in India.

In the development of this idea, rendered so feasible by the increase of means of rapid communication between all countries; in dotting the world over with centres of study of international cultures, like the Visva-bharati; lies the hope for the world's redemption, the hope for realisation of the immortal truth: "The Fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of men."

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